JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 1, 1928

Vol. XLIV. No. 1159.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

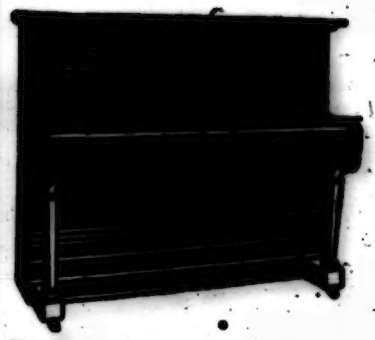
DRAGES FURNITURE ON NO DEPOSIT TERMS

GUARANTEE—I guarantee to deliver to every approved account whatever article is chosen, either from this whole page advertisement or from our large general catalogue, carriage paid to any address in Great Britain directly only one monthly instalment is paid.

Benjamin Drage

Chairman DRAGES LTD.

TYPICAL EXAMPLES of DRAGE VALUE

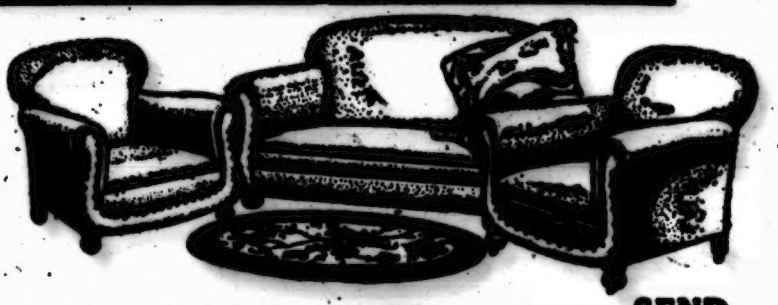


ELDHURST PIANO

Mahogany or walnut finish. Iron frame. Tape check action. Full compass. 3 ft. 9 in. x 4 ft. 2 in. x 1 ft. 11 in. Sweet tone. 39 gns.

SEND **20/-** ONLY

20/- monthly afterwards



CHESTERFIELD SUITE Full-size, well sprung, 3-piece Suite, covered in first-class Rexine. Suite consists of: Full-size Chesterfield and 2 roomy Arm-chairs. £14 8 0.

Chesterfield can be supplied separately at £5 13 0, and the Arm-chairs at £4 7 6 each.

SEND **6/-** ONLY

6/- monthly afterwards

MELFORTE Cabinet

"Coldersphone" series. Finished oak. Double spring motor. "Grand-tone" sound box. Cupboard for 50 records. £7 7 0.

SEND **7/6** ONLY,

7/6 monthly afterwards

OPEN 9 to 6.30

CLOSE THURSDAYS AT 1 O'CLOCK

DRAGES

(DRAGES LIMITED)

HIGH HOLBORN · LONDON · WC1

NEXT HOLBORN TUBE STATION. TELEPHONE HOLBORN 2855

OPEN ON SATURDAYS UNTIL 6.30 P.M

COUPON For large Furniture Catalogue, if wanted. Please send me the Free Drage Book and Catalogue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B., 1.9.

Cut out and post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp to Drages Limited, 238, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

"JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— - -

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

"Bullets" Winners (*Continued from page 31*)

£17 :—G. Cole, Didworthy Sanatorium, South Brent, Devon.
Something To Come—Off, Keeps Railwaymen On.

£16 :—Mrs. L. Dale, "Poppyland," Cefngis Avenue, Sketty, Swansea.
Floating A Company—Cupid, But Poor "Director."

£15 :—M. Galvin, 23, Frederick Street, Plymouth.
Child Famine—While We're "Christening" Warships.

£14 :—D. Bona, 8, Penlwyn Road, Bettws, Abergavenny.
Man In The Limelight—Newly-wed, Until First "Scene."

£13 :—F. Ellis, 60, Everton Road, Everton, Liverpool.
An Achievement—Aviation—An Atrocity, Bombing.

£12 :—G. Nield, Vaildon Sation, Chester.
Pen The World—Man Soaring—Wot-an, Moon.

£11 :—F. Anning, 82, Beacon Road, Chatham, Kent.
Child Famine—Justified, The Industrial "Harvest."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

5 Prizes of £10:

R. Mercer, 262, Tarvin Road, Chester.
Child Famine—Posterity's Insurance—Or Disaster?

H. Parr, 268, Wensley Street, Blackburn.
Plumbing The Depths—Then Ascend Pulpit Steps.

W. Rank, 20, Brooklyn Street, Marton, S.O., Co. Durham.
Man In The Limelight—Policeman—When He's Wrong.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

G. R. Simpson, 51, Avon Street, Warwick.
Pen The World—Thy Stronger Than Treaties.

A. S. Webb, 35, St. Matthew Street, Hull.
Magic Wand—Knew Someone On Staff.

30 Prizes of £1:

[*Addresses abbreviated owing to pressure on space.*]

H. J. T. Aldridge, Bath; M. Atkinson, Heywood; W. J. Baker, West Ealing; W. Bettington, Coventry; J. Boon, Glasgow; E. C. Brown, Nottingham; F. W. Brown, Reading; G. Bryers, Clapham, S.W.; J. Burke, Dublin; Miss J. Bull, Hoylake; A. Cotterell, Alfreton; W. C. Davis, London, W.C.; E. Davies, Carmarthen; A. Deane, Cambridge Heath, E.; A. Evans, Newcastle; Mrs. W. Faulkner, Oxford; P. Fleming, Clarens, Glen.; F. Forth, Salisbury; Mrs. A. Gascoigne, Hitchin; E. Hill, Wolverhampton; F. Hilton, Cheadle; R. Holmes, Malden; E. T. Hooker, Brighton; G. Johnson, Dagenham; E. C. Kiss, Leicester; Mrs. M. Lobbe, Birmingham; G. Lodge, Llandrindod Wells; E. C. Macmillan, Brighton; Mrs. O. Markham, Canterbury; F. Marsh, London, S.E.; Miss F. Mills, Bearsea, S.W.; J. Mogridge, Bristol; R. Pearce, Brixham; R. G. Pellatt, Highgate, N.; Mrs. R. Sarjeantson, Alfreton; Mrs. A. Sandiman, Ipswich; F. C. Shaw, Brighton; C. E. Ross, Glasgow; C. Stanbridge, Derry Hill; L. Stallard, West Pennard, Som.; Mrs. J. Smith, Aberdeen, N.B.; E. Stevens, Scarboro'; W. Tillotson, Bradford; W. H. Tyler, London, E.; J. W. White, Scunthorpe; C. Whitfield, Kilburn, N.W.; F. Whittingham, Wardsend; Mrs. H. Wilson, Balham, S.W.; A. Wilson, Falkirk; E. Wright, Bilsley.

A complete list of the 80 £1, 100 10/- and 1,000 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's Puzzle is on page 30.

JOHN BULL OFFERS YOU A 2/6 "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL FREE

The "John Bull" Pencil is a 2/6 gold-mounted "Pencil of Pencils." Total value 2/6. Send the coupon and P.O. for 6d. only, plus 3d. for postage and packing, and we will send you the Pencil and Coupons! Your name engraved in gold on the pen—6d. extra.

JOHN BULL'S BOOKLET FREE TO YOU

This Coupon will be accepted as 3d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 2/6 Lever Nibbed Pencil with 14-ct. gold nib, ebonite mount, with which is guaranteed 10,000 words from one filling. Additional Coupons, any number up to five, 1d. each. Also "John Bull" may be ordered to post your pencil. When you send in Coupons and 2/6 (or 1/6 without mounting postage and facsimile Pocket clip 3d. extra). Pencils engraved in gold 6d. extra. Cross shown 1/2. "A Cr." Make cheques to "John Bull" Pencil Dept. Send to "John Bull" Pencil Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

£250 DEATH BENEFIT PAID TO REGISTERED READER

Don't Delay. Register To-day!

In addition to the payment of the £250 Death Benefit announced above, "John Bull" has forwarded this week numerous cheques to Registered Readers on account of Fire, Accident, Sickness, etc.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS FORM TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

J.B., 2/9/22.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

Blazing Petrol Tragedy.

THIS week under our Great Free Insurance Gift we announce the payment of a Death Benefit of £250 in connection with one of the most pathetic tragedies that have ever been brought to our notice.

Mrs. Renshaw, a Registered Reader of "John Bull," was cleaning some clothes with petrol at a sink near the scullery fire. Suddenly the coat which she was cleaning caught fire and the petrol round her became a flaming furnace.

We regret to say that Mrs. Renshaw received terrible injuries from which she subsequently died, and with our expressions of deep sympathy we have forwarded to her husband, Mr. Walter Renshaw, of 72, Barnby Gate, Newark-on-Trent, Notts, a cheque for £250 under our Great Free Insurance Gift.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.

PRIVATE GREETING CARDS. — Largest manufacturers require agents; free sample book; delightful novelties. Calendars, Real Feather Bird, New Feature in Cut-out Velour designs; Black Cats and Dogs with glass eyes; detachable sprays of flowers; Notepapers, Celluloid Pocket Calendar; Blotter; Greeting Cards for every taste. Most extraordinary book ever published. Enormous profits. Prizes for all.—All-British Christmas Card Co., Dept. 139, Blackburn.

DO YOU want to make Money? Agents Wanted, Highest commission.—Redcliff National Chocolate and Cigarette Club, High St., Bristol.

A BEAUTIFUL Book of Private Christmas Cards SUPPLIED FREE to Enterprising Agents. Magnificent selection of Photogravure Cards, Calendars, etc. Secure this wonderful order-getting Book and make money.—Apply, Treble, 531, Cheapside, Preston.

AGENTS WANTED
for the choicest Chocolate Club in the country. Nothing but the best on offer. Lists and details free.
HAREHILLS CONFECTIONERY CO., 16, Clifton Mount, Harehills, Leeds.

DISTRIBUTING Agents wtd. everywhere for very profitable motor speciality. Spare or whole time.—Write, Western Utilities Co., Penzance.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 69, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your Work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 63), 97, Gray's Inn Road, Lon.

IF YOU SEEK A CAREER worthy of your ambitions—healthy and remunerative—be a travelling Representative. Call, write or 'phone for the "FREE Illustrated Route Plan and Guide of the Road to Success." British School of Selling (Salesmanship, Ltd.), 56, Kingsway, W.C.2. 'Phone: Holborn 0904/0905.

MEN WANTED, 17-35. Free farm training qualifies for reduced fare to Canada.—Church Army, O/S Dept., 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

MEN.—A few men will be accepted to train for employment as trade and private drivers. Small fee. Licensed L.C.C.—MOTOR DRIVERS' UNION, 39, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

EX-SERVICE MEN recently discharged can be efficiently coached as chauffeur-mechanics at specially reduced fees; good refs.—Call or write, Automobile Institutes, Ltd., 76, Strand, W.C.2.

Prices down *again!*

The nation-popular British-made "Fullotone" instruments have again been substantially reduced in price, despite the fact that many costly improvements have been added. This has been made possible by a greatly increased demand which enables us to produce larger quantities at lower rates; this great saving, together with the benefit derived by selling direct to the public, is passed on to our customers.

Never before in Gramophone history has such amazingly fine value been offered. The public are quick to realise that for purity of tone and perfection of construction a genuine "Fullotone" outclasses other instruments costing two or three times as much. To appreciate a "Fullotone" to the full, call and inspect at any of our branches.

Model 19. New price

5/14/6

or £1 down and 11 monthly payments of 9/9, carriage paid U.K.

Artistic Jacobean Cabinet in SELECTED OAK, 33 in. high, complete with powerful Collaro Motor, Fullotone Junior Soundbox and the wonderful new all-metal Sound Chamber. British throughout.

Model No. 19.

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS
or call and inspect at any of our branches.

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES, LTD.
(Dept. J.B. 56), 73, CAMDEN RD., LONDON, N.W.1.
Also at:
41, George St., Croydon; 362, High Rd., Tottenham; 149, High Street (N.), East Ham; 312/314, Argyle Street, Glasgow.

FULLOTONE

REGD

The Gramophone of Amazing Value!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE

IN the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Vests, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME

By selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List Free.—Clegg, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—M. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.)—Levy Bros., Dept. E., 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

500 LINES in money-making Bargains, Vests, Hosiery, Overalls, etc. No rubbish. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for new price list.—Southwell, Halifax Road, Todmorden.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 WEEKLY and Bonus. Run Boots and Drapery Clubs amongst friends. No outlay.—Grove Mills Co., (Dept. M.), Birstall, Leeds.

DISTRICT CANVASSERS wanted, £5-£14 whly. Splendid lines for Capable, Expd. Salesmen. Write, Stanley's, 56, Warton Rd., Stratford, E.15.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind, good profits. 172-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

10/6 IN THE £ Cash Commission. Xmas, Variety Clubs. Astounding Terms. Gold Watches Given. Agents Wanted. — DENNIS & CO. (Dept. J.), COLNE.

XMAS Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs. Spare time Agents wanted. Fry's, Rowntree's, Cadbury's, etc. Excellent Com. No outlay. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Leeds.

AGENTS wanted for XMAS CLUBS. No outlay. Choco., Fancy Goods, Toys. FREE GIFTS for agents. Big cash comm. Catalogue free.—F. J. Tate, 169, Briggate, Leeds.

WHISKY XMAS CLUB. Free Catalogue. Choco. (Terry's, Cadbury's, Rowntree's, etc.). Toys. Cigs. Bottle of Wine to Agents who reply.—Lovell Road Stores, Leeds. Estab. 30 years.

MAKE MONEY with NO OUTLAY! Start Xmas Club for Chocolates, Confectionery, Tea, Biscuits, etc. Large selection. Agents wanted everywhere. Generous commission.—Write, Arwun Clubs (Dept. No. 311), 39, Pratt St., London, N.W.1.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Leading Makes Choco., Cigs., Toys, Jewellery. Largest cash com. Cat free.—MORRIS BROS., 1, Clifton Street, Bradford. Handsome Leather-backed Diary free to all Agents. Britain's largest Club Specialists.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS WANTED.—We will send you the fullest particulars free of the best way to turn this into a big success. YOU CAN EARN £5 PER WEEK.—Dept. 25, City Works, 26, Blackfriars Street, Manchester.

AGENTS, give customers free Samples. Our Expense. Choc. (Terry's, Cadbury's), Cig., Toys, Astound. Com.—Hoffbrand, Westgate, Bradford.

AGENTS wtd., Xmas Choc. & Cigarette Club. All Best Makes. Highest Cash Com. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogues Free.—"Chocolate Box," Dept. B., Land's Lane, Leeds.

£3 WEEKLY easily earned by selling the Renowned "Mascot" Christmas Cards, Calendars & Novelties. Album that positively talks money supplied free. Huge commissions. Write to-day.—Thos. Hobkirk & Co., Preston.

CHOC. CLUB Agents wanted. Cash com. All agents splendid free gift. Cat. free.—The Yorkshire Coll. (J.B.) Co., Ward Green, nr. Barnsley.

12/- in £ CASH COMMISSION. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Novelties. Lady EARNED £50 LAST SEASON. CASH PRIZES. FREE PRESENTS. Special Terms, Terry's, Rowntree's Selling Outfit and Catalogue Free.—MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY CO. (B.45), SHIPLEY.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, PHOTOGRAVURES, JEWELLED & PICT. RE CARDS. BOOKS FREE. HIGHEST COMMISSION & PRIZES. WRITE NOW TO STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

AGENTS.—£10 easily earned. Xmas Choc., Cig. Clubs. Highest cash comm. Catalogue, lists free.—Enterprise, Vaughan Street, Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED for the best selling proposition in Private Greeting Cards. The "Imperial Art" series assures every Agent a regular weekly income from now until Christmas. ASTOUNDING COMMISSION. No outlay required. FREE SAMPLE BOOK and equipment sent on application to Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 1.2, Imperial Works, Lancaster.

SPARE-TIME AGENTS, MEN AND WOMEN, TO SELL LADIES' AND GENT'S MACS (WATERPROOFS); GOOD COMMISSION.—WRITE FOR PARTICULARS, BOX 896, T.C. BENCH, LTD., 5, TUDOR ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

EMPLOYMENT.

ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE? The sure way out of the rut is to become a travelling salesman. Train in your spare time by postal tuition under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Trainer of Salesmen. Thousands of men, without previous experience "on the road," have been lifted out of routine jobs and placed by Wallace Attwood with progressive firms. Many of them are now earning their £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a. Wallace Attwood undertakes to introduce and recommend every trained student to firms of repute requiring Salesmen. Are you worth lifting out of the rut? If so, send postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free. —The Wallace Attwood College, 257, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7636.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—G. B. M. Co., Dept. 199, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (no charge for introductions). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The R.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Office, 5, Covent-y Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Press notices.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 325, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8115.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

2d. VALUE FOR 2d.! THE "EXCHANGE & MART" reduced in price, but made bigger, brighter and better than ever. And, thousands of amazing bargains! To buy, sell or exchange anything get this week's "EXCHANGE & MART" now—2d. at your newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 58, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 23/6. Packed ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Sales, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants, Cat. free. Satisf. guarat'd. Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1½ lb. Odd lots. Special value white yarn, 2/10 lb. post free. Patts. of serges, tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnette W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

KNITTING WOOLS. Hand or Machine. Buy Direct. Enormous Savings. 1¼ oz. Ball, 1/- lb. Chenilles Round, etc., 10½d. lb. 400 patterns Free.—Border Wools Co., 166, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MACHINE and Fingering Wools direct from manf.rs. at cut price. Samples for stp.—Dept. J.B., Golden Fleece Woollen Co., Liskeard, Corn.

1/- WEEKLY.—High-grade Boots and Shoes supplied. Buy direct.—Particulars free from Forshaws, 6, Charlotte St., Manchester.

BOOTS & CLOTHING.—Buy Factory Direct. Enormous Saving. Stamp for lists (JB). AGENTS WANTED.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 12/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

DRESS.

BABY'S Unequalled 65-piece Layette. 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Mat. Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins. Genuine bargain. First in quality. Send 2/- for pat. approv. —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

GETTING MARRIED? Wedding Dresses from one guinea! Send for free illustrated catalogue and be entranced by the beauty and variety of our Wedding Gowns. We are the actual makers and Fashion Leaders, famous for low prices.—The "Brilliant," 16, Smallbrook St., Birmingham.

BABY'S ORIGINAL BEST VALUE LAYETTE, 30/-. 35 unequalled pieces: Shawls, Vests, Coats, Flannels, Gowns, Robes, Towels, Napkins, etc. Send 2/- now for parcel approv. Mrs. E. Barker, 31a, Brougham Rd., Southsea.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page list, 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbell, 180, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free. Palmer's, 138, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Aztec Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. TRY ENERGOT. YOU LOSE STOMACH Trouble, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6.—Enc.get, 12, Beaconsfield Gardens, S.W.1.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (468), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

"I SUFFERED 25 years (Bladder Weakness and Kidney Trouble)—am now cured," says taker of PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY 3/- at Boots', Taylors', etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 48, Renshaw St., Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Henry Rivers (J.B. 46), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (Dept. 1), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH Regained by World-Renowned Lewis Expander Method to fitness. Write for health literature, entirely free, concerning 7/- complete outfit. Jack Lewis (P.C.), 32, Poets Road, London, N.5.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash by return. —Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

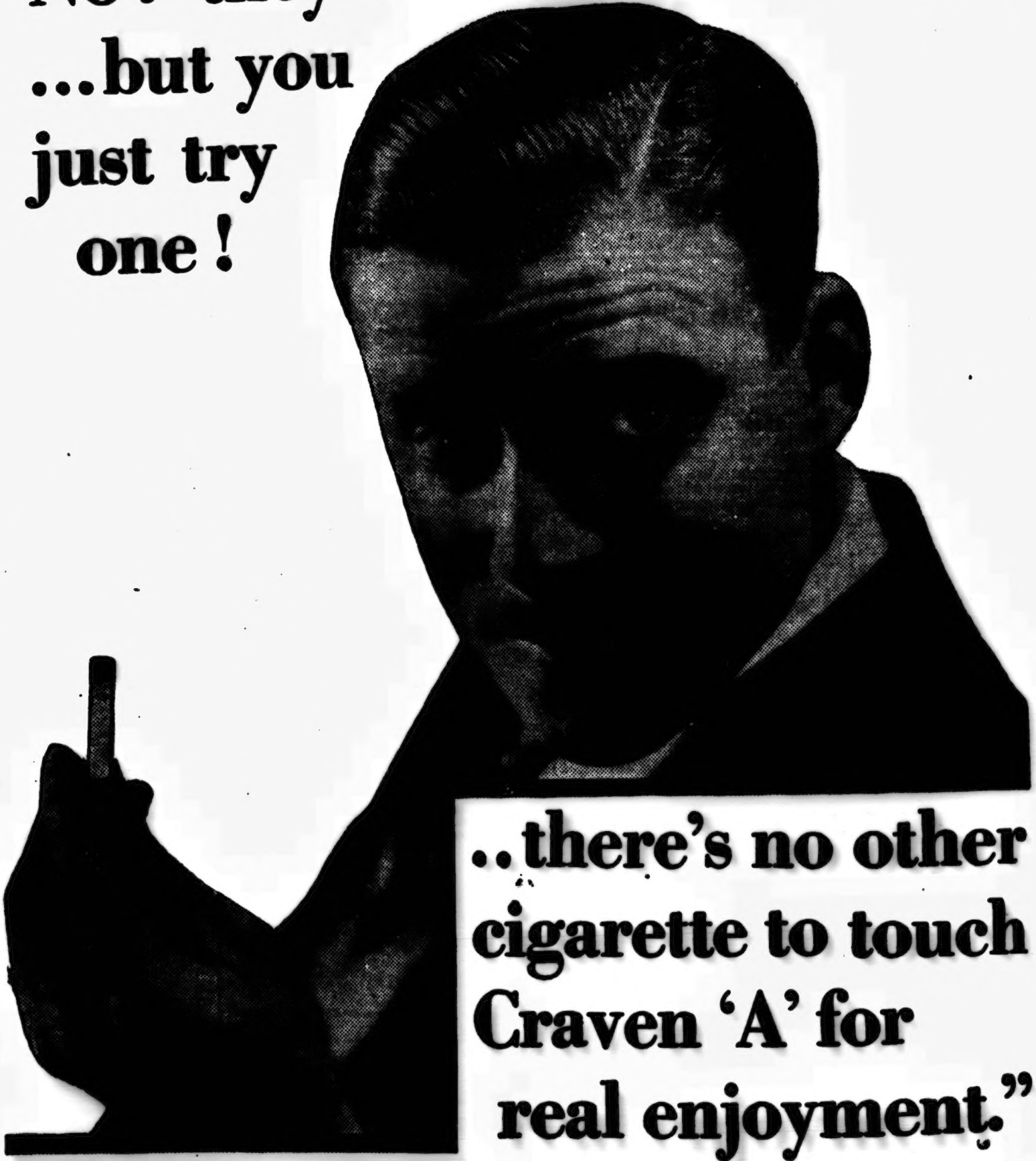
ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from 21 ea., C.O.D., approval. New Tyres for whly. payments. Inquire, stating size. London Car Co., 58, Theobalds Rd., W.C.1.

SECOND-HAND Motor Tyres from 5/- to 35/-, guaranteed 3,000 miles, list free.—Imperial Rubber Co., Cambridge Terrace, Chapeltown Road, Leeds.

"No! they don't *look* different ...but you just try one!



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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Life or Death.

Any Government nowadays must stand or fall on two things—the abolition of unemployment and the abolition of war. These are not "ideals"; they are the most practical of practical politics.

Down Arms.

The statesmen of Western Europe, if they had foresight, would right now, at the September meetings of the League, set about disarming the world as fervidly as though they had a rope round their necks. The rope is real enough.

Telling the Cities.

The air manœuvres were the finest political object lesson since the Armistice. Air experts harp on the futility of air defence. Every city in Europe shares the peril.

Tell the Governments.

The man in the street sees the danger overhead. It is the electors who must put the fear of death into Governments.

What Germany Thinks To-day.

The Versailles Treaty allows Germany to build four small battleships. The German people will not allow their Government to build them. Other countries please copy!

The Sentence.

There are 1,314,200 persons on the Unemployment registers, 292,050 more than last year at this time. If the Government wasn't doomed before, this would damn it.

Cold Feet.

The Government hates the thought of facing the General Election with the rising tide of unemployment washing speakers' platforms. It sees the possibility of drowning in the flood.

Expedient.

Instead of the big measures that are possible and which we have consistently demanded, Mr. Baldwin has addressed an appeal to 150,000 employers to "take on a few more men." It's the last word in feeble statesmanship.

A "Good Works" Army.

Slum areas and scattered fever-dens can never be reconstructed on strictly economic lines. Why not organise a national army to clean up our plague spots?

Nutshell Wisdom.

"When fear rules, States let their interests and safety slip into the hands of soldiers and agents," says the *Manchester Guardian*. Exactly! Civilians who don't want annihilating must see that they manage their own affairs.

Query.

The question is, Are we, or are we not, a self-governing people? If we are, why on earth wait until secret treaties are signed "all over the shop" before making the national will felt.

Don't Be Lazy.

Average men and women must take more trouble with their politics. It's no good leaving everything to elected Ministers and never shouting until a crisis comes. It's the lack of the people's interest that makes crises.

Shocking Laxity.

A 10 per cent. increase in convictions for drunkenness due to methylated spirit shows this horrible vice one more rampant. A very little ingenuity could render the stuff impossible to drink.

He Knew.

Only 28, shell-shocked and shattered, Leonard John Pole hanged himself while 'planes in mimic warfare droned over London. They reminded him of "what he'd seen in France," he told his wife, and he couldn't stand it.

The Quiver.

More births than for years past are being registered—the effect of better housing so far as it goes. There'll be children enough once the shortage of accommodation for them is made up.

Nature's Balance.

Boy babies born this quarter number 1,031 to every 1,000 girls. The "surplus woman" problem is man-made. It will end when war does.

What They Think.

The deplorable industrial conditions shock overseas visitors revisiting the mother-country. They can't understand it. We can. It is all due to lack of co-ordination of essentially interrelated interests.

Chaos.

The "every-man-for-himself-and-devil-take-the-hindmost" policy has had a long enough innings. It has nearly ruined the railways. Co-operation is the keynote to prosperity that should long ago have been struck.

Down-at-Heel?

"Dress, as a teacher of self-respect, is of great importance," declare to-day's social workers. True. The coat may not make the gentleman, but ragged, out-of-elbow clothes are the very devil when a man wants a job.

JOHN BULL

Important Notice to Registered Readers

HOLIDAYS! To remain qualified for the benefits offered under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that, before leaving for their holidays, they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull" immediately on their return, and that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away.

No Reduction There.

Canada has increased war widows' pensions to £2 2s. a week irrespective of the recipient's earnings. A gracious deed; and one that it wouldn't hurt the mother-country to emulate.

The Good Lead.

The "Institute of World Unity" in America, after close observation, finds that "influences working to bring nations together are much stronger than the much-advertised factors of discord." Those who probe beneath the surface find the truth.

Coming.

On October the 11th the Prime Minister will open at Sheffield laboratories where thirty experts with assistants will work on research directed towards making mining safe. A necessary job, long overdue.

Going Ahead.

At last the railways are getting a move on, large orders being placed for new rolling stock and electrical equipment. It will take the sting of winter bitterness from districts where the work is to be done.

Exception.

Artificial eyes are exempt from the list of surgical goods which must bear the new Merchandise Act mark. Even super-patriots can't face the possibility of confronting the world with "Made in Germany" gleaming from their orbs!

The Tribute.

The Hungarian delegation to London has laid a "peace wreath" on the tomb of the unknown soldier in Westminster Abbey. Quite natural; peace is what the occupants of war graves died for.

Result.

In June this year 883,000 persons were living on poor relief in this country compared with 372,600 in June, 1914. That's what war does for ratepayers.

Bakery Scandal.

Bakers allege that young people are often worked in bakeries for fourteen hours a day. In the face of adult unemployment it is not only a double scandal but a positive atrocity.

Danger!

The conspiracy of silence surrounding baker's dermatitis must be broken. What brings loathsome disease to a man's hands can't bring health to the nation's stomach.

Held Up.

Powerfully backed efforts to arrange a military tattoo in Leeds for next year have come to nothing. The workers, knowing war for what it is, and not what tattoos represent it to be, object.

JOHN BULL
WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Without Mercy.

Why on the top of eight similar previous convictions was Frederick William Parratt, of Wrecclesham, fined £10 for allowing a blind, unfit and aged mule to travel fourteen miles? He needs prison to bring him to his senses.

Co-operative Humbug.

After previous convictions, to have sold milk 53 per cent. deficient in butter fat badly blots the record of the Tailbach and Port Talbot Co-operative Society. A £25 fine is none too heavy for encouraging the growth of puny babies.

Age Limit Wanted.

When William Crane, of Leamington, was killed in a collision at Catthorpe cross roads, Mr. William Matthews and his wife were both taken to hospital with serious injuries as a result. Crane was seventy-three. A man of that age is too old to ride a motor-bicycle.

Disgusting!

The miserably inadequate shelter of a three-roomed cottage was the Hobson's choice accommodation of five poor Golborne families—ten bairns, seven men, and five women. Healthy homes, not armaments, is what ratepayers would like their money to be spent upon.

Ignorant Fools.

We have nothing but contempt for vandals who, taking advantage of parts not in sight of vergers, carve their initials on ancient monuments in Hereford Cathedral. The Dean and Chapter are rightly incensed. A watch should be kept and offenders smartly brought to book.

Counsel for Chemists.

The Birmingham Corporation is right in imposing ten shilling fines on chemists for selling bottles of "Lysol" and "Jeyes Fluid" merely marked "poison" without containing the name and address of the retailer. The casual sale of deadly corrosives badly needs restriction.

Low-down Rogue.

With no intention of paying an order of ten shillings weekly to his wife who summoned him for persistent cruelty, Charles Henry Harris, a Blackwood chimney sweep, has no business to be at large. He should be made both to work and eat his words and pay up the results of his earnings.

Good Riddance.

Nottinghamshire is well rid of John Haywood for twelve months. Advertising extensively for directors and employees he filled his pockets with the deposits applicants handed to him. When called upon to pay out he did so with cheques the banks dishonoured. Good riddance to a despicable rogue.

Tardy Repentance.

Tears in court are too late to remedy drunkenness that on several occasions prevented William Barker, engineer of the s.s. *Pengreep*, of Cardiff, from performing his duties. Twelve months' suspension of his certificate and £10 10s. to pay in costs is all that he could expect for behaviour unworthy of a British seaman.

Filthy Milk.

Dung, dirt, straw, grit and sediment contained in milk obtained from cattle awaiting slaughter is unfit for human food. John James Gaskell, of Birkenhead, notwithstanding that he sold it on commission, is extremely lucky to escape with a £10 fine and 4s. for not being a registered dealer. Prison would be too good for him next time.

Fatal Carelessness.

Owing to the parting of a chain, William Henry Carter, twenty-eight, a locomotive fireman of Shrewsbury, who was filling the engine, fell on to the metals and fractured his spine. The jury at the inquest expressed the opinion that the chain should have been replaced earlier. When men's lives are at stake such carelessness borders on the criminal.

Swinging to Death.

At a Hammersmith inquest on a woman who met her death through falling from a swing-boat at Wormwood Scrubs Fair, the coroner suggested the advisability of making it impossible for people to stand up in these contraptions. We agree.

A Fine Record.

With 16,840 in-patients last year, 114,509 out-patients, and only 781 deaths, the London Hospital, of which the Queen is president, shows its effectiveness. London's great hospitals are justly London's great pride. The pity is they have to turn so many stones before they can find adequate funds for their wonderful work.

Smoke Evil.

Medical men, struggling to save lives, are heavily handicapped when civic authorities permit foul air to exist as an ally of disease. At Wakefield, according to the tests of Dr. Gibson, 200 tons of soot have been deposited over the city every month. The City must realise the incalculable injury that is being done to health.

Death Trap.

There has been gross carelessness, declared the Manchester City coroner respecting the death of a seven-year-old boy from a weighing machine in the street falling on him while at play. Companies are warned to see their machines are attached to a wall with chains if they would avoid accident and charges of criminal negligence.

The Human Machine

DON'T PANIC!

by *E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

IF there is one person I pity more than another it is the person who is always living in terror of what *may* happen.

I know more than one, and every minute is full of fear. Nothing has happened; nothing ever does happen; but, of course, something *might* happen at any moment! That's the trouble!

It is a dreadful thing, this fear of the future. It makes life a nightmare. Given even a little imagination it makes life almost unbearable.

I came across a little motto the other day which I should like to give to everyone who lives in terror of to-morrow.

It says: "To-day is the to-morrow you worried about yesterday—and it didn't happen!"

There is another old saying that such people would do well to bear in mind: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." That is a jolly good motto for everyone. If it was carried out it would make lots of miserable people happy.

THERE is no medicine for panic except the kind you can give yourself. If you are the kind of person who panics about the future, you are the only person who can do yourself any good.

You must just stop it. The cure for worry is to stop worrying. You may smile and say that it is obvious, but, believe me, there is no other way.

A little will power, my friends! Are you so weak that you will confess you cannot rule your own will?

Are you so devoid of courage that you will admit you cannot face an imaginary terror and laugh it away?

If you panic about the future, just pull yourself up. You will have quite enough to do to make the present a success.

If you do that the future will be a success, too—when it comes.

Two From Nothing Leaves——

To fine a couple of unemployed youths [illegible] each for stealing thirty shillingsworth of [illegible] and cigarettes from a church hall shows a limited intelligence. Why should not the Porth magistrates be empowered to set George Eric Smith and Edgar George Pyke to work, to enable them to repay?

Thank You!

Not friends, but the Marylebone police and the kindness of the magistrate helped Mrs. Marjorie Daniel during her recent trial for suicide by chlorodyne poisoning. A woman's thanks for food and encouragement in a lonely struggle are welcome tributes to a Force that, criticism notwithstanding, each day proves itself a mainstay of the people.

Heart and Head.

"Your motive might have been excellent, but your method was very cruel," justly claimed the chairman of the Liverpool Bench in fining Henry Brearley £1 for hanging a cat from a post after it had been bitten by a dog. At seventy the offender is old enough to know that for right action both head and heart must be in the right place.

Harvesters' Tragedy.

With neither jobs nor shipping accommodation awaiting them 1,500 of the ten thousand volunteers in this country, passed by the authorities for harvest work in Canada, were turned down before sailing. This is what comes of treating emigration as a panacea for unemployment. Give the men a chance to reap their harvest on their own land this side.

Horses First.

Smoke from a hundred tons of hay and huge quantities of corn on fire did not keep John Lloyd, ostler, from the No. 7 colliery pit stable, Tylorstown. Rescuing seven horses, he was thrown and badly bruised by the terrified eighth he plunged with it through the flames to safety. This is fine work. Here's to Lloyd and his speedy recovery.

Why Only Eton?

At "Athens," their bathing place in the Thames, Eton College boys bathe safely under boatmen's supervision. But for the public the spot is unguarded even by a notice-board. Must it take the drowning of more than one boy before the latest victim, Alfred James Charles Powell, aged sixteen, to remind authorities that all lives are precious?

Dangerous Bridge.

That Walter Manson Hing should be killed fatally from his motor-cycle in encountering a rut in the road over the Merton Abbey railway bridge, where two motorists have already been killed, is a disgrace to the community. To quibbling about the Mitcham Council or the railway company being responsible should block long overdue repairs.

Economy at Last.

The First Lord of the Admiralty has exempted himself. Determined to give ear to the plea for economy, he has decided that in future chief petty officers shall receive only one cup, one saucer, one knife and fork, one plate, one tumbler and one spoon. Hitherto they have been entitled to two of each. How long will it take to save enough to build a dreadnought?

Needs Improvement.

A damp sunken floor, kitchen windows that will not open, tumbledown walls, no range, no water supply, and small bedrooms, are evils Dorothy Platt would have remedied in a New Lopham cottage, according to her contribution to a Children's Club competition on "How I think my village can be improved." Could there be a more cutting lash than this child's comments on our failure to remedy housing conditions?

Blundering Along.

No doubt Robert Brown, unemployed, of Norwich, who, having left jail only last June and behind him a trail of various convictions for larceny, has recently stolen a pair of boots, needs keeping clear of society. But why not enable magistrates to prescribe curative treatment that misses the devastating name of prison?

Driver's Heroism.

"By sticking to his engine and pulling up as quickly as he could, he undoubtedly saved our lives," declared one of the hundred passengers of the driver of the express that collided with a motor lorry near Shepreth. We admire one who's courage and promptitude withstood the test of a crisis. May he soon be in the cab again.

Shocking Treatment.

Emaciated, with its head swinging backwards and forwards like a clock pendulum from sheer weakness, a horse, after partially eating a wooden beam and his manger, tottered out to be destroyed. Two months' imprisonment for its owner, Albert Robinson, of Gateshead, is an easy punishment for cruelty that disgraces any human being.

Boy Offenders.

Admitting the opinion of the Loddon magistrate as to the disgrace of five boys under fourteen assaulting a girl of thirteen and a boy of twelve similarly offending another girl of the same age, birching orders are only partial remedies. Intensive home or school training is needed if these young people of both sexes are to grow up a credit to either.

He Remembered.

The Mayor of Plymouth is looking for Katie Poade, who years ago when out in the States of America did a poor man a service. Now he is married and wealthy and would like to give Katie fifty pounds, a nice thought which it is to be hoped finds fulfilment. Gratitude is not very common, yet it is the gleam by which grey things may be made to seem golden.

The Cataract.

With its High Street as the main artery of traffic to Portsmouth, Guildford is becoming deafened with noise. The historic Council Chamber has become useless and the Technical School may have to be rebuilt on another site. The solution is new, broad roads to run outside towns. With ever-rising unemployment it is a national scandal they are not being constructed.

Their Good Deed.

The Dulwich group of Toc H, seeing waste ground belonging to King's College Hospital, have dug and delved it and grown salads and vegetables in order that patients may have really fresh things in their diet. Fresh air does good to office workers after hours, but when it is turned to help like this it does double good. And it shows what people could and would do if they had the land.

Baseness at Brixton.

We agree with Mr. Oulton, the magistrate, who fined John Edwin Brown and his wife at Brixton for keeping his house in Mervan Road for improper purposes, that the most terrible feature was the danger to their two children. Whether born in wealth or want those only are happy whose parents remember they have souls to be saved as well as bodies to be fed and cared for.

Gallant Firemen.

Hats off to Fireman Stanley Cooper and Fireman Arnold Kay, of the Sheffield City Brigade, who readily risked their lives in an effort to save that of Horace Wilson, who had been sent to make an examination of an underground petrol tank and had been overcome by the poisonous fumes. That the last-named was dead when hauled up does not detract from the gallantry of the firemen, who must have realised to the full the appalling danger they ran, and still did not dream of hesitating.

One of Many.

When a London reader recently advertised for employment he was favoured with a letter from a W. J. Brookes, of 123, Norbury Avenue, Thornton Heath, who offered to furnish a "skilfully written sales letter" for 5s. The familiar phraseology of Mr. Brookes' letter suggests that he is one of the hopeful band who have been misled by the Home Employment mongers.

A Tricky Tipster.

Frederick Spencer, of 140, Whitehorse Road, Croydon, issued circulars a little while back in which he offered to supply ten racing tips for 11s. One reader who sent the money complains that after receiving only one tip he has been advised by Spencer that, "owing to the large number who have taken advantage of the offer," he cannot promise to wire regularly. Cheek!

Another Silly Girl.

While deeply sympathising with Miss Olive Warman, a servant girl of Hendon, to whom Thomas G. Smith made love and then under promise of marriage robbed, we can but again point the moral. If girls would insist on introduction to relatives we should hear less of "married man gets a girl's life savinga." Smith was married, and the six months' imprisonment and the fine he has to pay will neither restore to his wife nor Miss Warman what they have lost.

A Foreign Balsam for Baldness.

The Cosmos Magasinet, of Copenhagen, is apparently eager to interest people in this country in a specific for baldness known as "Cosmos Balsam." A small tin costs £1, and the vendors guarantee a reward of £100 to those who have used the balsam without result. One English customer who applied for this reward, however, was supplied with a second tin free of charge and informed that the terms of the guarantee only applied if it could be proved that the balsam was not harmless.

Utter Imbecility.

Because a wife, to help her unemployed and ailing husband, baked in her kitchen a few oatcakes weekly and sold them to her friends for 3s., the 7s. weekly she received as wife of an unemployed man was stopped. The Unemployment Insurance Umpire has upheld the decision. The woman has dropped the home baking, and now lounging by her husband's bedside all day is 4s. a week better off. It is time national action was taken against such idiotic red tape.

More Doorstep Pests.

An agent of W. Farrell, of 37, Harrow Road, Brislington, has lately been operating in the Loughborough area, in an endeavour to sell rubbishy charms. An accompanying pamphlet describes the latter as a West African lucky mascot, "Chief Wymoan," and declares that it must be kept out of the light for three days and nights before it begins to function. When taxed by one householder this agent had the effrontery to declare that he had been sent on the job by an Employment Exchange! We wonder!

Two "Bullets" Bluffers.

In our issue dated August 11, under the heading "Two 'Bullets' Bluffers," we drew attention to circulars being sent out by Mr. Arthur C. Rendall, Editor of the *Competitors' Weekly*, to the phrasing of which we took exception. We have since received Mr. Rendall's personal assurance and have satisfied ourselves that these circulars were not intended to convey the suggestion that he was in a position to influence decisions in our "Bullets" Competition, and we are very glad to give publicity to this fact, and, further, to state that in nothing which we published did we intend to convey that Mr. Rendall was in any way associated with Mr. Geoffrey R. Pardoe.

* * *

Take one coupon from page 31, put in a little thinking, add a pinch of originality, post quickly, and win 1,000 Guineas!

Problems of Life

The Sundial

by *the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

MY modest garden possesses a sundial which is a source of much interest and perplexity to visitors who inspect it.

The pedestal is a fixture, but the top can be moved about, and one of my favourite amusements is to watch my friends trying to move the figures on the dial face so that the shadow cast on them by the sun shall give the correct time.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

They generally begin by saying: "Your sundial is wrong; it does not point to the true meridian." Then they set it triumphantly at, say, twelve o'clock; but when they take a further peep at it at half-past three they are puzzled and annoyed to find that it is either too fast or too slow.

Then ensues a comparing of watches, a rush indoors to look at the clock, and a hot argument as to the reason for the sundial's queer behaviour.

Finally they tell me that my sundial is no good and ought to be replaced by a better one which can be depended upon to tell the truth.

BUT I don't agree. My sundial is good enough for its purpose; it is intended for ornament, not for use. If I want to know the time I should not dream of relying on a sundial in a land with so little sunshine as England.

The explanation of the vagaries of my much-maligned sundial is very simple. It is that every sundial, to give accurate results, must be set with mathematical exactitude on the spot where it stands. It will not do on any other spot, for no two points on the earth's surface present exactly the same angle of vision to the sun.

My friends ought to know this, but scarcely one of them ever does.

It was known to the ancients thousands of years ago. Last year I saw on an old wall in Athens a sundial that had been placed there long before England was England, and it was still working perfectly.

Near it was a water clock which was a still greater marvel of accuracy. It measured the time by the slow trickle of water from hour to hour right through the day, and it had been in existence longer than Christianity; it was there when Christ was teaching in Galilee.

WHAT is the moral of all this? It is that we are individually like the sundial; every one of us sees life at a somewhat different angle from that of every other. No one can really judge for anyone else in any matter small or great.

We can help one another to see all round a subject, but every man must ultimately decide for himself what his course of action is going to be.

Sometimes when a friend is giving me advice I know I am not going to take it though I cannot refute his arguments; I must judge for myself.

Fear not to rely on your God-given perceptions; they are far more trustworthy than anyone else's so far as your destiny is concerned.

Never put your mind in pawn to another.

SENSATIONAL GREYHOUND COMPANY DISASTER

A Costly Pup to Buy

Brig.-Gen. W. N. Campbell, C.M.G., Chairman of the Committee appointed to investigate the affairs of this Company

AT the close of last year, when the greyhound-racing boom was at its height, widespread interest was aroused in a newly-formed company known as the Anglo-French Greyhound Association, Ltd., the registered offices of which were in Throgmorton Street, London.

The abridged prospectus was most attractive, and held out very rosy prospects for the new company. There was an imposing Board of Directors, many of whom were actively connected with greyhound racing in this country.

The share capital was £200,000, and the public was offered 200,000 10 per cent. cumulative participating preference shares at 10s. and 200,000 deferred shares at 1s. each.

The response was remarkable, and the fact that the prospectus inspired confidence amongst a very wide circle of investors can be gathered from the following particulars of subscribers, selected at random.

One page yields a chauffeur, an insurance broker, a wholesale florist, a butler, a costumier, a secretary, a master baker, an optician, an army officer, a widow, a wire manufacturer, a general, a power-loom overlooker, a merchant, a bar tender, a student, and a clerk in Holy Orders.

Rosy hopes fading

In other words, nearly everybody in the country was interested, and those who had money available sent it in eagerly.

The proposition was briefly as follows. The company was to purchase about 44½ acres of freehold property at La Courneuve, on a site that was only a short car ride from Paris. Then it was to promote the breeding and racing of greyhounds in France, and make handsome profits.

According to the prospectus, the Association intended to hold at least three weekly meetings during the months of April and November, and on this basis profits for the season were estimated at £83,200. Further revenue, it was also estimated, would be derived from kennel fees, garage of cars, restaurant, club fees, and race-cards, and the figure set down under this collective heading was £39,000.

What has actually happened? This year is fast slipping away, and, up to the moment, these rosy hopes have not been fulfilled. They have been overshadowed, indeed, in a manner which must bring uneasiness to every shareholder; to every poor widow; to every thrifty butler; to every careful chauffeur who may have sunk savings in the venture.

The position to-day is anything but inspiring. Out of £122,588 19s., which the Association received in cash, £87,989 0s. 1d. has already been spent, and the claims of only one creditor, we are told, would swamp the remaining resources of the Association, if pressed home!

Directors misled

We shall have occasion to return to these figures a little later on, but we should like to pause here to ask how it is that an Association with a strong Board of Directors has fared so badly.

The answer would appear to be that the directors themselves were misled by the prospectus at the outset. At least, Major-Gen. Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chairman of the Wembley Stadium and Greyhound Racecourse, Ltd., resigned from the Board of this Anglo-French venture early in June last. And, since then, two other directors—Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, K.C.B., D.S.O., and Mr. William Henry McGrath—have issued a joint report in which they express themselves very strongly.

As both are directors of the Wembley Stadium and Greyhound Racecourse, Ltd., their opinion is of considerable value. It appears that they were under the impression that the Anglo-French Greyhound Association, Ltd., would be dealing directly with the freeholders in acquiring the ground at La Courneuve.

When they came to examine all the documents, however, they discovered that the vendors were not the owners of the freehold, but merely the leaseholders with an option to purchase the freehold from another French company.

False estimates

On looking into this they further discovered that the position between the two French companies in question was somewhat complicated, and they now expressed the view that, in the absence of some direct contract or arrangement with the actual freeholders, the position is unsatisfactory.

Another point on which these two directors complain of misunderstanding is the question of the totalisator. When the company was formed, the Bill legalising the totalisator had passed the Chamber of Deputies, and they were assured that it would soon be ratified by the Senate.

It has not yet been ratified, however, and until it is racing cannot be considered a profitable proceeding. And as all those tempting "estimated" profits which figured in the prospectus were based on a season's racing, the significance of this delay is readily apparent.

Minute examination

Without going too much into technical details, the report of Sir Vyell Vyvyan and Mr. W. H. McGrath may be summed up in their own words: "We regret that the financial position of the Company is a disquieting one, and certainly one which must be brought to the knowledge of the shareholders."

Following the publication of this report, a "Reply" was issued by Mr. J. H. Dickinson, another director of the Anglo-French Greyhound Association, Ltd., commenting on the fact that his fellow-directors had apparently sent out their circular without any resolution of the Board of the Company.

With opinions thus divided, matters came to a head a day or two later at an extraordinary general meeting of the Association, with Sir Vyell Vyvyan presiding as Chairman.

Sir Vyell made it quite clear that their enterprise might, in some circumstances, become a very valuable undertaking, but he stressed the urgency for the formation of a shareholders' committee, to examine all the facts very minutely.

Silly expenditure

A solicitor acting on behalf of a number of the shareholders drew attention to the fact that a sum of £15,000 had been paid to Mr. J. H. Dickinson personally, and he asked what that was for.

He was informed that Mr. Dickinson was entitled to receive this money under his agreement with the Association as embodied in the prospectus.

The result is that a committee has now been appointed to "look into" the matter, and we sincerely trust that it will sift things very thoroughly.

We should, therefore, like to take this opportunity of returning to plain figures, and would ask the committee if it does not consider a sum of £21,517 7s. 2d. rather stiff for "preliminary" expenses.

It would also be interesting to know why, when the resources of the Association are so strained, £6,000 is invested in dogs, which can only be regarded as a problematical asset in view of the fact that everything is in the air and the date on which racing can eventually be commenced is uncertain.

A HEARTBREAK OFFER

Twentieth Century Slaves

WE have just received a pitiful letter from a York reader, who has had more than his share of adversity. With a wife and child to care for he has been grievously handicapped by illness, and has been an invalid for years past.

To add to his burdens he has been unemployed, and noting recently that Chichester Secondary School for Boys required a man and wife as joint caretakers, he felt that here might be the very post that would solve all their difficulties.

In his failing health it would be a boon to have his wife beside him, and the possibility of free living quarters sounded attractive. He wrote off blithely offering his services, and in due course received an application form together with particulars of the posts offered.

A Samson wanted

To-day he is still out of work and feels more heartbroken than ever. After a perusal of the "List of duties" we are not surprised.

The whole of the interior of the school has to be swept and dusted daily, while all floors have to be scrubbed, polished or washed thoroughly as required. All fires have to be prepared as required, and fuel has to be carried to each whenever wanted.

Glazed partitions, lavatory basins and taps have to be cleaned. The furnace and general heating apparatus has to be attended to. Playgrounds must be kept clean and tidy, gullies must be cleared; all garden, spare ground and shrubberies must be weeded and tidied; shrubs and hedges must be properly clipped and tended.

Every scrap of the school linen must be washed. The playing fields must be kept in condition and marked out for games. All games materials must also be kept in preservation.

There are special duties in winter for coping with snow, and the whole premises have to be thoroughly cleaned during the holidays.

Shocking tyranny

The husband is required "to give his whole time to the service of the governors"; while the wife must do all the work necessary in connection with the pupils' meals and do all the plain cooking needed.

And now we find that the "joint commencing salary" offered is 50s. a week, rising yearly in half-crown stages to a maximum of £3 per week. If quarters are not provided an allowance of 10s. a week will be made "to cover the cost of fuel, light and rent."

We trust that the governors of this institution will now give their "whole time" to reflecting upon the tyranny of the above terms.

COLOSSAL CITY CORPORATION SCANDAL

Bricks Worth their Weight in Gold

SOME two hundred families are involved in what is perhaps the biggest housing scandal yet on the City of London Corporation Estate at Ilford, Essex; and the facts are so monstrous that they should be studied with sympathy and indignation by all other families throughout the land.

The scheme for this estate was originally launched by the authorities with much enthusiasm shortly after the war, under the Housing and Town Planning Act of 1919.

Three million pounds were to be expended, and the authorities had the benefit of powerful publicity in the Press. Such headlines as "New Suburbs for Men who Fought" or "Black Coat Town" were freely used, while accounts of the project became almost lyrical.

False optimism

In this connection it will be illuminating to take a peep at a newspaper file for 1920 and quote one or two passages in full.

"The site chosen for this new suburb," we read, "is a pleasant area of high-standing land between one of Ilford's public parks and the City's own forest of Epping. A little stream runs through and the plans provide for the development of the land in a picturesque and charming manner."

A member of the Corporation was quoted as being "very keen" to see a fine series of public buildings, concert rooms, kinema, swimming baths, theatre and cafes "so that the young people of the place may have plenty of amusement near home." Within a month or so of these inspiring comments the newspapers were able to report that rapid progress was being made with the £3,000,000 scheme that was to provide homes for "black-coated city workers who served their country during the war."

But the scheme that had been launched with so much vigour and encouragement was destined, before long, to turn out very differently.

Shocking bungling

The original plans had provided for 2,000 houses, and sites and foundations had been laid down with that end in view. But, after 220 houses had been erected the City of London Corporation decided not to proceed with the scheme.

The contractors, who had naturally looked forward to long years of splendid employment, came forward to protest at this decision, took the matter to court, and a verdict was recorded in their favour.

So, by the time that the claims of contractors had been duly settled it was estimated that the 220 houses that had materialised had cost something like £13,000 each, of which the poor ratepayers would indirectly contribute £6,000 per house!

But the scandal, we regret to say, does not end with this shameful squandering of public money and the fact that, with only one-tenth part of the contemplated estate developed, the "fine series of public buildings" have remained a rosy dream.

There have been later developments equally perturbing—particularly to the 220 unsettled "settlers" on this unfinished estate.

Having bungled its job so badly the City of London Corporation has now "got itself out" in a fashion by disposing of the whole estate to a private individual for £120,000, or about £540 for each house!

What motive promised this sale we cannot say, but we understand that there are tenants on the estate who purchased individual houses from the Corporation for £900 or so, and they naturally feel very sore at learning that the official value is apparently only half that sum.

We certainly hold the view that when the Corporation first decided to dispose of the property outright it should have given first consideration to the tenants—"the men who served their country," for whose immediate benefit the scheme was originally launched.

If it were possible to let the property go to a private speculator at sacrifice terms, then it should surely have been equally possible to have given the tenants the option of purchasing their individual houses at a reasonable price?

Who is to blame?

It is fair to presume that no private speculator would purchase an estate of this sort if he did not expect to make a paying proposition out of it; and it stands to reason that a good thing can only be made out of it at the expense of the tenants.

Already protests have been made

Alderman W. J. O. Sheat, Mayor of Ilford

at the suggestion that certain of the houses are to be converted into shops, and a committee of residents is being formed to look into the matter and to recommend any desirable action.

Not the least fear on their part lies in the fact that the new owner is empowered, under the terms of his purchase, to terminate the tenancy of any occupant at one month's notice, providing alternative accommodation is offered.

The purchaser may entertain no such desire, of course, but it is surely a monstrous thing that such rights should have been granted by the City of London Corporation over the heads of the citizens for whom the houses were expressly schemed and built.

We trust that the Mayor of Ilford, being a member of the London Corporation, will spare no efforts to fight on behalf of those of his townsfolk who are affected by this scandal.

A RAG full of SNAGS

Bowles for the Green

A GENTLEMAN whose business notepaper almost possesses the quality of parchment, and who is established in a City office at Leith House, 47, Gresham Street, London, E.C.2, seems singularly eager to make fortunes for others.

He is Captain Alexander C. Bowles, M.C., editor of a paper known as the *Financial Recorder*, which boasts the motto "Honest Opinions Fearlessly Expressed."

We like the motto, though we do not care for the publication, so we have no hesitation in saying that it is a bogus sheet and that its editor is a humbug!

Dear "Privileges"

Circulars recently distributed have offered all the "advantages" of the *Financial Recorder's* "services" at the special subscription of 4s. But people who are so misguided as to become subscribers are likely to find the privilege cost them far more dearly before they have finished. Unfortunately, however, there are numerous people throughout the country who, unversed in financial matters, will be duly impressed by all that the "fearless" Captain puts into print.

Preying on Ignorance

They will probably believe him when he declares that his paper constitutes "an accurate guide to investors"; that it contains "advance information regarding movements in the Stock Markets"; and that the advice it gives is being followed by large investors "all over the United Kingdom."

Actually, its chief object is to plant unmarketable shares upon ignorant investors "all over" the Kingdom. Of course, perfectly sound investments are often referred to in the *Financial Recorder*, but this is only done to lend a bona fide air to the publication.

By a curious coincidence subscribers to this paper sometimes find themselves in receipt of unsolicited circulars from Messrs. Tyler Wilson and Co., Ltd., "stock and share brokers," of Broad Street Avenue, London. Before the addition of the blessed word "Limited" this company was merely the business name of a man named Williams, who was employed in the office of the *Financial Recorder*.

All Bluff

It only remains to add that Captain Bowles is a Canadian bucket-shop keeper, who has long been associated with shady finance. Before he crossed the Atlantic his operations were the subject of several warnings in a reputable Montreal paper.

Another bogus publication which should be frowned upon by would-be investors is known as the *Daily Financial Star*, and boasts that it is "the only evening financial newspaper."

It is issued from 1, King's Arms Yard, Bank, London, and, "Service, Service and again Service" is its proud slogan.

Leave them alone!

Subscribers are assured that all shares advised by the *Daily Financial Star* can be purchased through the paper free of brokerage commission. Incidentally the paper claims to be "the largest direct dealers operating in London."

It omits to print the opinion of Stock Exchange officials regarding its operations, however, and a deaf ear should be turned to all its blandishments.

Amateur investors who wish to dabble in stocks and shares should rest content with the advice given by their daily newspaper or by the established financial journals. All publications which generously offer to make fortunes for everybody except themselves should be ignored.

An Inventor's

AMAZING 'INVENTION'

Ryan's Rainproof Ramp

A FEW weeks ago a certain amount of publicity was accorded to a Doctor Ernest C. Ryan, a man of many degrees, who claimed to have made some remarkable discoveries in the realms of scientific research.

According to Press comments the learned doctor cherished three secret formulas which, if all his claims were true, would have a far-reaching effect in both industrial and scientific circles.

In a lightning flash the fame of Doctor Ryan sped across the Atlantic and an American trade journal told its readers of the inventions of Doctor Ernest C. Ryan, of London.

It told of preparations that would make all absorbent materials flame-proof, prevent the formation of ice on aircraft, and make the flimsiest gowns waterproof.

Amongst those most interested in this country were the principals of a large textile manufacturing house in the Midlands, and they promptly instructed their London representative to get into touch with the illustrious inventor.

Golden prospects

On applying to a newspaper which had reported upon the doctor's discoveries, this representative was advised to write to a Mr. R. L. Service, of 1, Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C., which he did.

A few hours later he was favoured with a reply and an interview was subsequently arranged, providing for a demonstration on the understanding that if the enquirer were still interested in the inventions an interview might be effected with the great Doctor Ryan himself.

Mr. R. L. Service signed this communication in the capacity of secretary, but the notepaper was headed:

"Ernest C. Ryan, Phy.D., B.Sc., L.S.M., M.S.P., F.P.C. (Lond.), of 11, Argyll Street, Oxford Circus, W.1."

The interview and demonstration duly took place, and the gentleman was invited to give £5,000, plus a royalty of 5 per cent. on all sales, in exchange for the three formulas and the exclusive rights in the United Kingdom.

It was alternatively suggested that a syndicate should be formed with a capital of not less than £5,000 nor more than £20,000, of which Doctor Ryan was to receive a share consideration of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. for ceding to the syndicate no fewer than sixteen preparations that he had invented.

He was shy!

These included, among others and the ones already referred to, such novelties as a self-shining grate-polish; a specific for removing superfluous hair; a scouring powder; a new dentifrice; bath treatments and a fire-resisting solution for timber.

The syndicate would also control a small private company now dealing with Dr. Ryan's formulas.

At a subsequent interview the retiring Doctor Ryan still refrained from gracing the proceedings by his presence; but his very able secretary volunteered the information that negotiations were in progress between the doctor and American and Continental firms, to say nothing of a well-known British firm of raincoat manufacturers.

With a smile he remarked that the doctor was very sensitive about his diplomas—he held twelve of them—and that he had an extensive West End practice, which he conducted from No. 11, Argyll Street, W. Doctor Ryan, he confided, was a doctor of anatomy.

Sir Donald Macalister, K.C.B., M.D., President of the General Medical Council

Questioned about the waterproofing discovery, the secretary said: "Of course, we do not claim that it will render flimsy material wholly waterproof, but weatherproof."

Then he surprised his hearer by offering the secrets of the "revolutionary processes" for £500 down and a royalty of 5 per cent. on all sales.

Going by "degrees"!

The above interviews took place at Cecil Court, and when an attempt was made to trace Doctor Ryan at his Argyll Street address the caller was unsuccessful and could not ascertain the Doctor's private address.

Still anxious to meet the elusive doctor the happy thought struck him that perhaps the great British firm of raincoat manufacturers, with whom the doctor was said to be negotiating, might be able to render some assistance in that direction. Alas! the firm knew nothing of the negotiations or the doctor, and it had never heard of Mr. R. L. Service!

Unabashed, the enquirer felt that a man of so many degrees should not be difficult to trace. But the name of Doctor Ernest C. Ryan was not to be found in either the British or the American registers.

Giving the degrees no more consideration, he suddenly thought of the doctor's inventions. They had brought him publicity, and surely they would prove a simple means of tracing him to his permanent address? But here the crowning blow of disillusion fell. Amazing as it may seem, *no patent has been granted in respect of these marvellous inventions which are to have such a far-reaching effect.*

Which

WATTS *is* WHICH?

Peter Repeats Himself

SOME little time back an East End firm of clothiers was favoured with orders from Peter Watts (1927), Ltd., of 327, Oxford Street, London, and brisk business ensued for several months.

Everything seemed quite satisfactory at first, for the goods were paid for promptly. Suddenly, however, the firm began to experience some difficulty in securing settlement of its accounts, which accumulated steadily until a sum of £461 was due.

Watch out for Watts!

It is still due, and, from enquiries we have made, we fear that there is little hope that payment will ever be made. For Peter Watts (1927), Ltd., seems to have repeated its trading tactics on a widespread scale, and without wearying our readers with a repetition of the circumstances we may mention that a Midland firm has been similarly let down for £315, while a concern in the North of England claims £120.

When a firm registered as recently as February of last year succeeds in piling up substantial debts of this kind a peep behind the scenes is apt to prove of interest.

As a matter of fact, Peter Watts (1927), Ltd., was formed to take over the assets and liabilities of two other concerns, known as Peter Watts, Ltd., and Watts, Son and Co., respectively—both of the same Oxford Street office.

The original Peter Watts, Ltd., had a nominal capital of £500, but only £81 was actually paid up. A Mr. George Watts and his wife were the only subscribers and directors.

George Watts also figured as the proprietor of a concern known as the Paramount Watch Co., which also operated from the same office, and which was, in fact, the forerunner of Watts, Son and Company.

Difficult to dodge

One bright venture was to offer "three guinea" watches post free for 3s. "merely as an advertisement." Whatever profits may have been made through this advertising scheme they were certainly not shared by a Hatton Garden firm of watch and clock importers, whose account rendered to George Watts in April, 1927, was for £70, and is still outstanding to this day!

Now, the original Peter Watts, Ltd., went into voluntary liquidation soon after the second limited liability company was formed, and Peter Watts (1927) did not survive it very long.

The total known liabilities of the latter company amount to more than £2,000, of which £1,600 are confined to the clothing trade. Unexecuted orders accounted for £48, while one creditor held a motor-car valued at £50 as security for £83! At the time of the failure there was an overdraft at the bank for £274.

The foregoing should be sufficient to show that George Watts is a trader to be avoided, yet his ramifications are so remarkable that the problem of dodging him may be no small one.

For instance, certain slick salesmen paid a flying visit to a Welsh market town not so very long ago, and introduced themselves as representatives of Messrs. Geo. Hollington and Co., a London firm of "Wholesale and Export Merchants."

Selling suits and raincoats to the wives of miners was their chief occupation, and one reader who paid a deposit of 10s. for goods that were to be sent "in a day or two" has heard nothing more.

The receipt is all that she has to show for her money, but it so happens that it reveals quite a lot to us. The address given is 327, Oxford Street, and reference to Somerset House shows that Messrs. Geo. Hollington and Company is merely another trading cloak for the indefatigable George Watts, who registered this high-sounding business name in July, 1927.

A buzzing beehive

According to official returns, however, this company "ceased to trade" on October 31 of last year! If the Welsh market town transactions represent a furtive resumption of operations the Registrar at Somerset House will doubtless be interested!

While on the subject of raincoats it may be well to mention the experience of a firm of raincoat manufacturers which had the misfortune to engage in commercial transactions with the disastrous Peter Watts (1927), Ltd.

Business opened in August last year with a £29 order, and thereafter orders poured in almost daily.

In less than a month this firm supplied goods to the value of approximately £300, some of which were despatched to places as far afield as Southampton and Leicester.

At the outset cheques were readily forthcoming in payment; then the practice of piling up credit was followed and to-day the firm in question has had to write off £146 as a bad debt!

Don't be stung!

On top of all these past activities we now find that the Oxford Street beehive is buzzing under yet another banner. A card upon the door now bears the name Peter Watts Son and Co., which is a business name, registered at the tail end of last year by William Henry Watts, who was formerly manager of Peter Watts (1927), Ltd.

In view of all the above disclosures, therefore, it seems hardly necessary to warn traders to keep away from the beehive where so many unfortunate traders have been "stung" in the past!

MYSTERY of a HUGE FUND

Tight Clutch on a Nest Egg

A VERY GRAVE INJUSTICE

IN consequence of the many complaints we have received in recent months from gentlemen who have proved their loyalty and devotion to duty under the most difficult circumstances, and who are now in their declining years faced with the grim spectre of acute poverty, we have caused an enquiry to be made into the methods of distribution of the Royal Irish Constabulary Force Fund.

There are now only some 1,200 subscribers living, the youngest of whom is over sixty-five years of age. In the great majority of cases they are nearer eighty than seventy, and the average has passed his three score and ten years long ago.

Actually starving

We refer, of course, to the original Constabulary Force Fund founded under the Drummond Act of 1836, and to which no members of the force were allowed to subscribe after 1883.

A reader of Chadwell Heath in Essex writes informing us that he retired from the Royal Irish Constabulary in 1913, after thirty-three years' service, and then re-enlisted as a soldier for service when war broke out in 1914.

This gentleman, who is now sixty-seven years of age, was a sergeant in the R.I.C., is married, in ill-health and unable to work. When the Free State came into existence he was politely told to get out or remain at his own risk. The total amount he receives in respect of forty years' service is but £83 per annum!

Another case we have before us is of an ex-constable residing at Summerhill in Dublin, whose pension is 15s. per week, and who was found a short time ago to be actually starving. He had no clothing wherewith to attend a place of worship.

It's their money

There is no occasion for this unnecessary suffering and want. At the present time the Royal Irish Constabulary Force Fund stands at more than £282,000, and, as we have said, the great majority of those who in years gone by were forced to contribute from 1½ to 2½ per cent. of their pay to it are now no more.

The facts are that the few remaining subscribers are striving to eke out an existence on pensions amounting to only 15s. to 25s. per week, and it requires but the application of a little elementary arithmetic to discern that not even the interest on the capital sum is being absorbed at that rate.

It is true that the Treasury afforded the fund a supplementary estimate of £150,000 in 1883, but when it is remembered that at that time there was no other pensions provision for the men and their wives or widows, the philanthropy of that bit of statesmanship is self-evident.

Again, the funds during the time that the force was existent were put to uses other than those to which they were originally intended, for we read of district inspectors being allowed grants of £50 with which to buy a horse.

The men to whom the money rightly belongs have appealed again and again for the fund to be wound up and the money distributed among them whilst they are alive and able to make use of it. They ask, not without reason, what will become of it when in a few years time they have gone the way of all flesh.

We have a case of a Lancashire reader who was bound to subscribe for many years whilst he was serving, who has subscribed for over fifty years, and who must continue to pay his subscriptions or forfeit all rights. Surely, if he is not entitled to some rights, to a portion of the fund now, it is a moot question when he will be.

It is as though the Treasury were acting the stern parent to mere children of seventy years, and that they are fearsome of distributing a lot of money among these ex-policemen lest they "set the pace" in their old age and begin sowing their wild oats again.

As an example of the treatment meted out to them we are able to cite the case of ex-constable John Byrne, who died in the North Dublin Union, a pauper, a year or two ago.

Give them justice

The Pensioners Association tried all they knew to obtain a grant from the fund in order to save him from a pauper's grave but were unsuccessful. His wife was dead, and thus his subscriptions covering many years were forfeited.

Then there are other aspects equally serious which prove beyond the slightest doubt that the subscribers to the fund are never intended to benefit by the huge sums of money which have accrued presumably for their especial use.

The Duke of Sutherland, Paymaster-General to H.M. Government

If the wife of an ex-officer dies before him all his subscriptions are forfeited saving in those cases where an unmarried daughter exists. We have only to repeat that the average age of the few remaining subscribers is seventy years to afford an idea of how many they may amount to.

The wives of three Englishmen have died within the past twelve months, and in no case was the period of subscription less than fifty-five years. None of the children of the families was entitled to a penny. The Treasury chests have simply engulfed the lot.

There is only one thing left to do. There is £282,000 which rightly belongs to the 1,200 men who subscribed it and who are yet subscribing. They have not so many years left of their lives, so the least we can do is to wind up the fund that they may spend the remainder of their days in security and free from want.

A *Furtive* Employer

Turn Down this Page!

A YOUNG Essex Road reader who recently advertised for employment was favoured with a letter from a Mr. George Page, of 163, Drummond Street, London, N.W.

The latter explained that a company was about to be formed to market two inventions and to take up the patent rights abroad. A "great financing syndicate" had undertaken to provide the capital.

The advertiser was invited to become secretary to the new concern, and when he called for further particulars an appointment was arranged outside a post office in Victoria Street!

Sensible man

At the subsequent interview Mr. Page declared that he had enough references to get an office "and everything," but added that he would like the potential secretary to advance £5 or £10 so that he could pay a deposit upon a typewriter.

Our reader wisely refrained from parting with any money and at this juncture decided to ask our advice. We have therefore made one or two enquiries, and the result is decidedly illuminating.

Calls for letters

In the first place, the Drummond Street premises from which Mr. Page wrote so reassuringly simply consists of an accommodation address, where he calls for letters.

Another interesting point lies in the fact that with his initial communication Page enclosed the printed leaflet of a commercial firm in London, bearing his own name in large blue letters. This firm states that while Page was certainly employed by it as an agent for a short period and distinguished himself by effecting one sale, he is no longer in its employ.

As an employer who favours accommodation addresses and street corner interviews, Page should be left severely alone!

Paddock *for Punk!*

Another Fee-snatcher

THE desire for independence is a laudable quality; but an individual named W. A. Paddock, of 28, Cobden Street, Barnoldswick, Yorks, is out to exploit that desire in a manner which we hasten to condemn.

"Be your own boss!" is his inspiring slogan, and it figured in a recent advertisement, in which he called for 2s. for "complete instructions on how to commence a business of your own."

Very well, then!

The information which Mr. Paddock is retailing through the post is of the usual vintage favoured by fee-snatchers. Would you be your own boss? Very well, then, take up "sermon writing."

A large percentage of the sermons preached every Sunday, we are assured, are "purchased and not prepared." The aspirant is advised to consult the clerical directory, which contains the names of upwards of 30,000 clergymen; but he is cautioned that "the matter of supplying sermons must be approached in a delicate manner."

Mean tricks

Then there is the dignified profession of "doll dressing," and we are told that in a family comprising several females it is by no means a difficult matter to earn enough to pay for their own dresses.

If you cannot prepare sermons and haven't got a few spare females in your family, what about "parrot teaching"? All you have to do is to haunt the docks, snap up untrained parrots from sailors as they land, and "greatly enhance" their value by teaching them to talk.

Mr. Paddock may be a very ingenious person, but we do not like the nature of his business. It is no laughing matter for poor out-of-work youths to part with 2s. from their slender savings and get nothing but a parcel of rubbish "advice" in return.

A FAR BETTER CAMERA

for less coupons

Just imagine! You can get this wonderful All-British Rajar Roll Film Camera for:

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Now is your opportunity to be certain of first-class results. Why be satisfied with less?

Compare this lens with that in any other make of box camera—and change to B.D.V. to-day.

Takes photographs 3¼in. x 2¼in. Two view finders.
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Over 300 better gifts—something for every member of the family. Send a postcard to-day for your copy to GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd. (Gift Dept. J.B.), 112, COMMERCIAL STREET, LONDON, E.1.

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COMPARE THE VALUES WITH OTHER GIFT SCHEMES. H. 10

Post Toasties?

Just gimme a spoon!!!

Food o' the Stalwart!

Just watch him smile when he gets his teeth crunching into the first mouthful! Does he like Post Toasties? He cer-tain-ly DOES! It's the marvellous flavour, so delicate, so tempting, so unique, that makes these crisp Indian corn flakes so popular, all over the world, with every member of the family. Ask for Post Toasties by *name*. They come ready to serve in a big, wax-wrapped, red and yellow packet.

POST TOASTIES

Double Crisp INDIAN CORN FLAKES

Post Toasties are one of the Post Health Products which include Grape-Nuts, Postum and Post's Bran Flakes

Shampoo Yourself With Cuticura Soap

Anoint the scalp, especially spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. Then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and warm water. Rinse thoroughly. A healthy scalp usually means good hair.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

"The TERRY" follows nature.

—Nature puts a cushion between the bones to absorb shocks. The "Terry" puts a cushion between rider and vibrations, protecting from nerve strain and soreness. It envelops you with comfort—specify it—the original and still the first in the class it created.

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SUICIDE *in* AN APRON!

by ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, D.Sc., M.A.

Dr. E. Wingfield-Stratford

AS I write these words, I have just seen an enormous covered motor-van go lumbering past my window, bearing the name of a London department stores. The van has stopped now outside a house and they are unloading parcels.

Though it appears the most commonplace of everyday happenings, it is, if you consider what it means, a veritable tragedy. For it is part of a process that is working for the extinction of the small independent tradesman, and his replacement by the soulless efficiency of the limited liability company.

It means something more than this. For the tradesman, though he may be a butt for all kinds of ridicule, is the person who, more than anybody else, keeps alive the individuality of a country town or big village.

When we come back to some place we have known years ago, it is pleasant to see the old familiar names over the shop fronts of the milliner, the grocer, or the chemist. Some of these businesses have been in the same hands for many generations.

They are unhappily a disappearing class, these old substantial worthies, with their pride in honest merchandise and their sturdy independence. The old order is changing all too rapidly, and most rapidly of all in that continually expanding area round great towns that houses communities of office workers.

It's not inevitable

Trains take them into town for business and pleasure alike, and lorries come out of the town, in ever-increasing numbers, to feed and clothe and supply them. So the old familiar Smiths or Browns disappear one by one from above the shop fronts, and their place is taken by the local branch of the something-or-other stores.

Now there is a certain school of thinkers who will put all the blame for this on the social forces, whatever they may happen to be, and tell us that these things are inevitable.

For my own part, I have never been able to see the sense of calling anything in social life inevitable. Society is what we have made it, and will be what we choose to make it.

Swollen pockets and heads

Now I hope I shall not be hurting the feelings of the local tradesman if I say, as his sincere friend and well-wisher, that he has himself very largely to blame for the position in which he finds himself to-day. He has, as a class, been going entirely the wrong way about things. He has also been living in a fool's paradise. The war, which swelled his pocket, swelled his head too.

Supply had during those years fallen so short of demand that he found himself no longer serving, but tyrannising over his customers. A "take it or leave it" attitude became habitual during those lean years. And habits, once formed, are hard things to break.

Now I believe that most of us ordinary English folk would be prepared to make sacrifices in order to keep up the friendliness and amenities of local life. We like to deal with our neighbours, people we know and pass the time of day with.

If we know that a man is handing us a straight deal, we shall not rush off to the universal provider the moment we see the chance of getting something a penny cheaper. There is, thank heaven, something nobler in the ordinary breast than mere business instinct.

But the ordinary Englishman and his wife, being human, are not prepared to make unlimited sacrifices, nor to do anything at all for a man who is merely trying to screw money out of them without taking the slightest pains to give good service or even good manners in return.

If they find that they can get cleanliness, promptitude and courtesy, as well as a lower price, from the big firm, to the big firm they will eventually go.

Far be it from me to imply that all local tradesmen are tarred with this brush. They include in their ranks many of the best fellows in the world, men who are trying, against increasing difficulty, to maintain the old, honourable traditions. But there is another class whose members are doing their stupid best to drive people away from the local shop.

If they only knew!

Every housewife will be able to furnish instances from her own experience of the sort of thing I mean. Take the most vital case of all, that of milk. I believe that if we could have statistics of the number of lives, and particularly infant lives, thrown away and the amount of disease caused by careless and dirty methods in the handling of milk, or by the cynical drawing of milk from tuberculous cows, there would be something like a panic, at any rate among mothers.

And yet the thing goes on, and it is only very rarely that an offender is brought to book.

Let us move on now from the dairy to the greengrocer's. This is often the worst case of all, for insanitary habits are consecrated here that might well be incredible in a community calling itself civilised.

I have one such shop in mind as I write. Here the fruit and vegetables are laid out on boxes and trays thrust out well into the street. On dry days the dust blows over them with all its unmentionable ingredients. But this is not the worst. Beneath, on the pavement itself, are laid boxes of apples, greens, even cherries.

And this particular spot—I must apologise for mentioning it, but it is far more horrible that this should be than that it should be spoken of—is much frequented by dogs. Anybody who has seen the state of these boxes, and then can go home and eat the products of this shop without being physically sick, must have a remarkably tough stomach.

And yet I am told that the proprietor of this particular shop so much resented the fact of one of his customers having requested him on no account to supply her with goods out of the aforesaid boxes, that he informed her with every circumstance of aggravated rudeness that he wanted no more of her or her custom.

Filth for sale

Let us now go on to the butcher. Here, again, you see carcases, unsavoury and livid, hung out to collect all the filth of the street, becoming putrid and flyblown before ever the meat arrives in the kitchen.

And the housewife knows that in the big stores all meat is kept within doors and under conditions of scrupulous cleanliness. She knows, too, that she can rely on getting the exact weight of meat charged for in the bill.

We now pass on to the local baker, who is well up in the running for the unhygienic championship. His bread is sent round in open baskets, borne by boys on bicycles. These boys have a pleasant habit of dumping down the bread on the doorstep, or leaving the basket unguarded in the street, in either case open to canine investigation. And the bread comes up on the table, and we wonder why we are ill.

And then there is the question of price. Here, too, the local man is apt to be almost incredibly short-sighted. His great object is to combine with his fellows to keep up the market price against the consumer.

A suicidal policy

But in the long run it is a suicidal policy—in many cases the housewife finds that it pays her to take a cheap return from the small town to the nearest big one, and do her marketing there. Or, again, she has recourse to that great covered van, and the local man is left stranded.

But the tradesman will not see this. He is all-powerful in his own little sphere, he dominates the local council, the local Press is dependent on his advertisements, he is determined to silence all criticism, and he generally succeeds.

In one such town, I am credibly informed, a number of well-meaning persons came together with the object of stimulating local patriotism. They formed themselves into—well, I think they called it a Civic League. They held a meeting and elected a committee of local worthies. But by some untoward chance there happened to have been appointed a little, mild-mannered schoolmaster.

Sands running out

This little man hopefully proposed that it would be a good thing if a committee were appointed to enquire into a subject in which everyone was interested—the cost of living. An audible shudder went round the committee.

"But what's the objection?" he stammered.

An enormous butcher, bald-pated and side-whiskered, rose to his feet "Hobjection!" he thundered, "honly that hit'd be a hinsult to hevery tradesman in this 'ere town."

I don't know what happened to the little man—he was probably poisoned eventually. Anyhow he faded out of that committee.

But a "hinsult" is sometimes the best service you can perform for a friend, especially if it wakes him up in time to stop him from drifting to ruin.

The salvation of the small tradesman lies in his own hands. We all want to keep him with us, and we ask no more of him than that he shall give us a reasonably efficient service at a fair price.

But another great motor-van has passed my door, and reminds me that his sands are running out.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To Lord CUSHENDUN,
Cadogan Place, S.W.1.

MY LORD,—While the treaty, which you have signed in Paris, is as you solemnly affirm, "the most impressive declaration ever made by mankind of a determination to preserve peace," it will not automatically deliver us from the sickening abomination of war. That can only come through a profound change in world statesmanship. That is the new hope to which I assume you are giving your full support. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—Owing to the element of doubt in the case, you confess you shrank from inflicting the irrevocable penalty upon the Brighton murderers. There is an element of doubt in most murder cases, and even when there is none who has the right to determine the moral responsibility of the criminal? The only safe way is to abolish capital punishment. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS,
Unity House, N.W.1.

DEAR SIR,—You do well to press home the horrors of war. If London is ever bombed she is doomed and so is any town, village or city. Babies in arms, young men and women, old men, the helpless and invalids will all suffer together. If that doesn't make the world abolish war it must indeed be peopled with devils. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
St. John's Road, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Rightly do you urge the folly of advocating international peace simultaneously with the preaching of industrial warfare at home. The average employer is not an ogre. A peck of common-sense outweighs a bushel of force, and the key to the solution of our Labour problems is labelled "Arbitration." JOHN BULL.

To the DIRECTORS,
The Midland Bank.

GENTLEMEN,—Many times have I urged the advisability of the extension of banking hours. Small tradesmen cannot be expected to own strong-rooms, and the safe was never made that the expert burglar couldn't "crack." I congratulate you on your enterprise in installing a "safe" into which clients can pay, any time night or day. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE HICKS,
Amalgamated Society of Building Trade Workers.

DEAR SIR,—I regret that you are taking your stand with the Left Wing of the Trade Union Movement, backed by the Communists, with reference to the negotiations between the General Council and the employers, especially as you did so much towards initiating the discussions. Do you honestly think that workers stand to gain more by open conflict than by friendly conference? JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Col. A. HACKING,
Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

DEAR SIR,—While hoping to find work for a few unemployed you point out that absorption is a slow process. In fact the dead wall of unemployment cannot be broken by individual employers. A breach can only be made if the Government, with the whole resources of the country behind it, sets going great public works. JOHN BULL.

To Detective QUINLAN,
Marylebone Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—"His poor children were so hungry that I had to buy them food" was your testimony when Herbert Garratt, unentitled to the dole because he was trying to get a living by hawking, stole a handbag to get his children food. That the man was placed on probation is entirely due to you. Your humanity preached a better sermon than is often heard in pulpits. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. DOROTHY JORDAN LLOYD,
British Leather Manufacturers' Research Association

DEAR MADAM,—Once again you have proved that Britain produces the finest specimens of athletic womanhood in the world. Recently you ascended and descended the Eiger, one of the highest peaks in the Jungfrau group of the Alps, by the Mittellegi Ridge route in a single day—the first time this feat has been accomplished in the time. While our women-folk continue to prove themselves capable of such pluck and endurance we can afford to laugh at those who dub the nation decadent. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. WILLIAM HERBERT,
Horticulturist, Rushall, Nr. Walsall.

DEAR SIR,—That you stole apples from a magistrate's orchard shows you are not deficient in nerve, and the fact that you showed them at the Aldridge flower show and won prizes to the value of £7 proves you to be a low-down trickster. Luckily for decent men, the fruit was identified by a local policeman, and besides forfeiting the prize money you were mulct to the extent of 40s. in the form of a fine. You are the kind of fellow it is not nice to know. JOHN BULL.

To the TOWN COUNCIL,
Bournemouth.

GENTLEMEN,—One might be pardoned for thinking that your object is to drive visitors from, and to keep them out of, your beautiful town, since your puritanical regulations are ridiculous in the extreme. Not only do you prohibit sun-bathing in appropriate costumes, but motorists are forbidden to bathe from their cars, and visitors walking down to the beach with mackintoshes and coats over their bathing dresses are liable to be stopped and turned back. Have a look at the calendar. This is 1928. JOHN BULL.

To Miss MABEL KITSON,
Colwall, Worcestershire.

DEAR MISS KITSON,—Though only sixteen years of age, I am told that your eloquence is exceeded only by your white-hot enthusiasm in the cause of international peace. You have just embarked on a mission to the railwaymen of France, and since you speak their language as well as you do your own, and are yourself the daughter of a signalman, I anticipate a big success for Britain's "Railway Queen." As an ambassador, I am sure you will prove as potent as you are bonnie. JOHN BULL.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR THOMAS MACKENZIE:—"The Empire Marketing Board is translating political platitudes into some form of activity."

When may it be expected to bring down prices?

* * *

MR. GEORGE P. AULD:—"Everybody forgets that there were huge world debts before the war as well as after it."

Rubbish! Nobody struggling to make ends meet can forget past, present, and future wars.

* * *

ROY L. SMITH:—"Difficulties have a way of increasing for those who put them off."

Just drop a note to that effect to the members of the Cabinet, will you?

* * *

MR. JAMES T. KNOX:—"What we want is more immigration and mass development giving centralisation of large communities."

On the contrary what we want is to put Britons on British land.

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

PRETTY BUBBLES in the AIR!

A Feather to Move a Mountain

THE CATASTROPHE CATCHWORD

THERE are a quarter of a million more people unemployed to-day than there were a year ago.

Members of Parliament are on holiday and the House of Commons will not reassemble until November.

However much we said, or whatever language we used, we could not put the tragedy of the situation in a clearer form.

The only thing that has been done to try and alleviate the situation is a letter from Mr. Baldwin to employers, asking them to give what employment they can to men from distressed areas. Those words "distressed areas" are becoming almost as dangerous a catchword as "Mesopotamia" once was. We are getting so used to their sound that we are forgetting what a terrible meaning lies behind them.

It is not that a few men here and there are out of work. When you hear of "distressed areas" you are hearing of whole districts lying derelict and idle; you are hearing of hundreds and thousands of families who are worse off than families in areas occupied by the military during the war.

You are really being told of men and women who have lost all hope, of children who have not enough food, and of whole communities who see nothing in front of them but slow mental and physical starvation.

And all Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet can think of is to send out a letter to employers asking them to give what employment they can!

WE cannot profess to be very impressed by it. It is rather like taking a feather to move a mountain. It is surface tinkering of the most futile kind, whereas the roots of unemployment are deep down and need drastic treatment.

Employers, after all, are not philanthropists. They are not in business for the good of their health. If their business warrants it, they will be the first to take on more men. Any business man who did not take on as many men as he could employ would deserve removing from his office to a lunatic asylum.

If, instead of making an appeal to employers to which, with the best will in the world, they can hardly respond at all, Mr. Baldwin had urged them to raise wages, he would have been performing not merely a more useful, but a more statesmanlike act.

What has recently happened on the railways shows that the mentality of the business world has not yet grasped the chief cause of unemployment.

When the railway men were faced with a cut of 2½ per cent. in their wages, they merited every sympathy and gained well-deserved praise for their acceptance of the cut rather than a decision to plunge industry into chaos.

It is amazing to find to-day employers who will believe that the way to prosperity is to cut wages. When you lessen the purchasing power of a vast body of workers like the railwaymen, you simply start a process of economy and retrenchment that has ill effects in an ever-widening circle.

FOR these railwaymen are now forced, willy-nilly, to purchase 2½ per cent. less than they had hitherto done, which means that somewhere somebody is going to produce 2½ per cent. less, and in the end unemployment is going to be increased.

Increased wages means increased purchasing power, and increased purchasing power means in the end increased production. It is hardly necessary to go on and state that increased production means increased employment.

The country is still facing this dreadful problem of unemployment with a mental attitude that has been proved again and again to be fallacious. We shall never make much headway until that mental attitude is turned in a new direction.

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., Prime Minister

SOMEONE is TO BLAME!

A Pointless Verdict

ONCE more there has been a horrible smash at a level crossing. It is a miracle that when the Cambridge express came charging through the gates at Shepreth, "swaying terrifically," and crashed into the cement-laden lorry, the death roll was not ten times as long.

As it was, one man was killed and another injured for life, while it is well on the boards that many will never completely recover from the shock.

"I do not think there is any legal blame attaching to anyone" commented the coroner at the inquest on the young man. "I think you will come to the conclusion that the driver of the lorry who was killed, either in neglect of his duty or otherwise, caused the accident."

We say such a verdict, at such an inquest, is quite beside the point. It ought not to be possible for a lorry to come straight out from cement works and over a railway crossing where the gates are standing wide open.

It ought not to be possible because there ought to be no level crossings.

They are an anachronism in modern conditions. They are on a par with all the stuffy, antiquated, outworn equipment of British railways; only the trouble is that they are a thousand times more dangerous.

The public can express its opinion of outworn railway carriages by keeping out of them. It cannot express its opinion of level crossings by keeping off them. It must use them or leave road journeys alone and business undone.

We have urged their abolition for years. We have urged it as we urge the abolition of turnpikes and toll houses and other irritating restrictions on the free use of the open road. Also we urge it as a very essential part of the whole scheme of road-widening and improvement that ought to be going on, at this very moment, all over the country.

While unemployment mounts by leaps and bounds, while public money is poured out like water in a vain attempt to save men from utter starvation, why are not the armies of workless willing men set to work on worthy tasks such as these?

Bridge-building has always been an essential feature of civilisation. Neglect of it is a sure sign of national decay. The coroner at the inquest on young Sparkes may be technically right in declaring "there is no legal blame attaching to anybody."

On the other hand, there is a great deal of moral blame attaching to everybody when accidents such as that at Shepreth occur. The railways and the roads are the country's affair, and the country must insist that they be put right.

PITY POOR

Asylum Patients

THE more we learn of the treatment of mental illness the less we wonder at the popular horror of asylums.

The tendency is to treat mental trouble as something to be punished, rather than a weakness to be cured.

While ignorance may account for the small percentage of cures, it is no excuse whatever for cruelty and persecution.

That many of the mentally afflicted are persecuted is proved by the question recently asked the Minister of Health in the House of Commons—"If he would take steps to secure that the property of public asylum patients will not be sold up during their detention, with the result that these people leave the asylum penniless."

Mr. Neville Chamberlain's reply was the cut-and-dried formula usual to Cabinet Ministers on such occasions:

"The authorities liable for the maintenance of rate-aided patients in asylums are empowered by statute to recover expenses against the estate of such patients."

That is the red-tape side. The human side is that, after three years, many boards of guardians dispose of the belongings of asylum patients committed to their care, and if later they are discharged, offer such patients odds and ends belonging to others.

Not only so, but seeing they are discharged penniless, is it any wonder that these hapless folk again fall sick and their mental condition becomes, through worry, worse than at first?

Medical men dealing with the poor are up in arms against this cruelty. We say, If this is the law, blow the "statute"! The Ministry of Health must scrap it and give us humanity.

MONKEYING *with* MEDICINE

by A. G. GARDINER

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain M.P., Minister of Health

I HAVE been following with much interest the controversy in regard to the supply of drugs to panel patients. I cannot pretend to have come to a conclusion as to where the truth lies, but I have come to a very definite conclusion on another matter, to which I will refer later.

In regard to the drug question, there is a strong and growing suspicion among the insured that they are being fobbed off with the second best in the matter of curative medicines.

The immediate criticism is directed against the London Insurance Committee, which is charged with having expressly forbidden insurance practitioners to order for their patients particular medicines which many doctors consider requisite to the treatment which they are providing.

The list of forbidden drugs includes many proprietary preparations for which there are cheaper and non-proprietary equivalents, but the charge is that it also includes preparations for which there are no equivalents, among them those containing the necessary vitamin D.

A serious charge

In a word, the charge is that the doctor is not allowed to use remedies which he believes to be necessary in a given case, because the cost of the remedies is high.

This is very positively denied by Mr. Thomas Batey, the secretary of the London Insurance Committee. He admits that the committee is very rightly opposed to extravagance. It insists on the use of cheaper substitutes where the substitute is equally efficacious, but the question of efficacy is in the hands of the doctors themselves, and where they insist on the efficacy of a drug their ruling prevails.

"My committee," says Mr. Batey, "is undoubtedly in favour of insured persons having the best possible treatment under the Act, and would resist any cutting down of the discretion of the doctors in that treatment."

This sounds absolute and convincing, but is it as convincing as it looks? Let us turn to the administrative facts. The essential fact is that the fund for drugs and appliances is limited.

Suspicious instructions

The amount per patient actually available throughout England and Wales last year was 2s. 10½d. If the doctors prescribed drugs and appliances in excess of this average, the fund was in debt and subject to surcharge. If the doctor prescribed below the average, the balance remained in the Drug Fund for distribution to chemists.

Here we have a conflict between the doctor who wants to prescribe a costly drug which he thinks necessary on the one hand and the chemist who quite naturally wants to maintain his remuneration on the other. The doctor looks at his patient: the chemist looks at his ledger.

We have a glimpse of how the conflict operates in a circular which lies before me. It is the private circular of advice addressed to each chemist on the London panel by Mr. G. A. Tocher, the secretary of the Pharmaceutical Committee of the County of London. From this circular I extract one or two typical instructions:

"Whenever opportunity offers, tactfully suggest economies in prescribing to your doctors. You will thereby assist them to avoid surcharging investigations . .

"Do not forget that economy is absolutely necessary if chemists are to maintain their rate of payment. Money saved now remains in the Drug Fund for distribution to chemists."

It is obvious that the collision of interest between the doctor and the chemist must frequently result in inferior substitutes being provided. The doctor does not want to be "carpeted" for extravagance and yields as the line of least resistance. More than once direct action against prescribing practitioners on the ground of extravagance has been the subject of protest in the House of Commons.

Inquiry needed

No one will defend extravagance, and it is probably true that in many cases the substitutes are efficient. But the system is wrong. It subordinates efficacy to cost. It puts the doctor in a false relation to the chemist. It gives the latter a monetary interest in the supply of the cheaper commodity, and a strong weapon for inducing the doctor to prescribe the cheaper commodity.

I do not blame the chemist. He acts as any other business man would act in the same situation. But he ought not to be in the situation. He ought not to have a business bias towards the cheaper commodity. His remuneration is based on a wrong principle.

Indeed, the time has come for a thorough inquiry into the whole working of National Insurance. Broadly it has been a triumphant success. When we recall the infuriated antagonism that it encountered, the Albert Hall meetings, the frenzy of the *Daily Mail*, the bitter hostility of the medical profession, we can only marvel at the contrast between the anticipatory fears and the realised results.

Preventable illness

But years have gone by since the system was inaugurated, and grave defects, such as that to which I have drawn attention, have been revealed. The whole system needs overhauling in the light of experience.

Take a simple fact mentioned by Mr. Neville Chamberlain in the debate on the Ministry of Health estimates. Acute rheumatic fever and chronic rheumatism last year cost the nation 5,250,000 working weeks and charged approved societies with an expenditure of £5,000,000 in sickness benefit.

But the five million bill for benefits only represents one side of the loss. There must be added the vast sum represented by the productive capacity which was unrealised.

An enormous mass of this illness was avoidable. As Mr. Chamberlain pointed out, chronic rheumatism is frequently associated with local centres of infection, such as teeth, tonsils and the intestinal tract. If these local beginnings of disease are attacked in their origins there will be less and less of the chronic rheumatism.

We want more dental clinics and more ophthalmic clinics. We want the medical provision reorganised so that the highest specialist skill is available over the whole countryside instead of being concentrated in the metropolis and a few great cities.

There is much still to be done in carrying the war on disease to a decision which will give us an A1 nation instead of a C3 nation. The question of the drug supply gives us a starting point for a new forward move. And the first step in that move is an enquiry into the whole working of National Insurance.

AN ASTON

OLD Matthew of Westminster, writing many centuries ago, said of the Saxon law that it was "very clement and kind. It did not punish criminals by death. It limited itself to cutting off the nose and scooping out the eyes."

Mr. A. F. Holt

Perhaps we have advanced somewhat since the days when the Saxon law ran in the land. Instruments for the physical torture of prisoners are now only to be found in museums, with one exception. British law is still permitted to arm itself with the "cat."

But although our humane and enlightened legislators have practically ruled out physical torture either as a method of punishment or as a crude form of "third degree" they have not shown themselves equally sensitive where mental torture is concerned.

I am not sure which of the two is the harder to bear, yet if an accusation of inhuman treatment of a prisoner in a jail were made wildly indignant members of Parliament would move the adjournment of the House and would make impassioned speeches of protest with both eyes on the Press Gallery.

When, however, it is merely a question of the mental torture of a girl-mother by the operation of a law which only persists because Parliament permits it to do so not a murmur of protest is heard.

WHAT humbugs these parliamentarians are! An unmarried girl-mother does not cut a figure designed to concentrate the limelight on her champion, therefore she must go without a champion, so far as politicians are concerned. With them vote-pulling power must always come before justice or mercy.

If it were not so we should not have the recurring scandal of girl-mothers being forced to endure all the mental agony inseparable from the awful ceremony of the death sentence when, at the same time, there is no likelihood of the sentence being carried out. How can a distraught creature in the dock realise that the black cap and the

CANNIBALS *at their* WORST

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

IF there ever was a real trade of the devil it is the sale of armaments from country to country. The dividends that firms make out of the private manufacture of weapons of war are, in a very literal sense of the word, dividends of death.

You can sign all the Peace Pacts you like and erect what barriers round the war-mongers you like, but so long as you are content to leave the manufacture of armaments in private hands, so long are you leaving untouched a constant menace.

War does not pay a nation. Even the most hardened militarist to-day would probably subscribe to that. But war panics pay, and war preparations pay, and pay on an enormous scale.

In every nation there are powerful groups of men whose very livelihood depends on the fostering of fear, and the consequent orders for increased armaments that result.

You noticed, of course, what happened immediately the mock air raids of London were over. Screams for more and bigger aeroplanes filled the air. I will not say that the whole silly farce was staged towards that end, but it was certainly the immediate result.

The devil's trade

Yet in the Covenant of the League of Nations there is Article 8, part of which reads as follows: "The Members of the League agree that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections. The Council shall advise how the evil effects attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented, due regard being had to the necessities of those members of the League which are unable to manufacture the munitions and implements of war necessary for their safety."

Despite this, the devil's trade goes gaily on, to the great distress of the taxpayer and the great profit of the manufacturer.

From 1919 to 1926 inclusive, the exports of arms, ammunition, naval and military stores from this country amounted to £18,044,847 to foreign countries alone. In the same years we exported to British countries, including Egypt, £19,242,738.

Last year in particular, which was a year of conferences and conventions, treaties and agreements, all designed to prevent war, we exported 28,066 military rifles, 29,147 pieces of shot and shell, 43,695,264 cartridges, and a whole lot of other war material.

It is an appalling thought that a young man from Sheffield, or Barrow or the Clyde, may to-day be manufacturing guns and cartridges and poison gas to be exported abroad, only to find years later that he has to face those same guns and cartridges in other people's hands, and be killed by the very weapons he has made.

I do not know a stronger word for it than the trade of the devil, or I would use it.

Constant scare-mongering

I have never forgotten, and I never shall forget, talking to a young workman in Barrow a few days after the outbreak of war. He had just come back from the Dardanelles, where the guns defending the Narrows had been mounted by British workmen, of whom he was one. A short time later those British guns, made by Britons and mounted by Britons, were to shoot down in their thousands British soldiers.

The very guns that killed the Germans when they attacked the Belgian forts were placed there by Krupps. British torpedoes sank British ships, as British bullets killed British soldiers, and there was not a country in the war that did not undergo the same experience.

For the murder traffic knows no fatherland. It has always been and still is international. It is so international as to make the Socialists look silly when they use the word.

Mr. Tom Myers, J.P., a real authority on trade in arms, calls it "cannibalism of the worst sort." It is a phrase that is justified up to the hilt.

I am always sceptical when I read that we want some new warships, to guard this trade route or that. Before I believe in the necessity for the warships I want to know what particular slipways are vacant at the various armament firms.

Mr. Tom Myers, J.P.

I have not forgotten how, some years before the war, the country re-echoed to the screams of: "We want eight, and we won't wait," and how the eight battleships were laid down in 1909—the whole thing being nothing but a carefully engineered scare by shipbuilders who were anxious to get the work.

Dirty work and dirty money

If war broke out to-day, it would probably be correct to say that in whatever part of the world the conflict broke out, in whatever part of the world the fighting took place, the combatants would, to some extent at least, have been provided with arms made by British armament firms and exported under licence granted by British Governments.

It is dirty work, and dirty money, and we are blind fools that we permit it to go on.

In the four years following the war, when we exported no less than £21,000,000 worth of war material, we sold guns, machine guns, rifles, swords, and bayonets by the thousand, and cartridges by the million to Russia, whom we were fighting, and whom we are, as far as anyone can see, still prepared to fight.

We sold 58,000 rifles and 45,000,000 cartridges to France, machine guns to Japan, and shells and millions of cartridges to Roumania. We sold rifles and swords to Siam and any amount of war material to Brazil and Java.

I said that the murder trade was international, did I not? In the last three years no fewer than 35,000 licences were granted to those desiring to export war material from this country, and the war material went to Abyssinia, the Argentine, Brazil, Holland, Sweden, Japan, China, and half the countries of the world.

Statesmen's real task

The Peace Pact which has just been signed will be a hollow mockery unless we insist that this trade in armaments ceases forthwith. It will be a hollow mockery indeed unless we insist that not only shall this trade in murder stop, but that armaments themselves shall be reduced not by a trifle, but to an extent that will immediately be felt in the taxpayers' pockets.

A world that has publicly agreed to renounce war as an instrument of national policy wants nothing with piled-up armaments. If nobody is going to fight, nobody is going to need the means of defence.

If the statesmen think that with the putting of their signatures to a piece of parchment in Paris their task has ended, it is our job to disillusion them, and to do it promptly.

It is our job to make them realise that their real task has just begun.

NG FARCE

by ARNOLD F. HOLT

dread formula are merely parts of a cruel farce, enacted at her expense?

There was a case in Belfast the other day, when a young servant girl was sentenced to death because she had taken the life of her baby. Baby was crying because she was hungry, and the mother had no money, and was unable to get the child into the workhouse. So she told the police.

Hers was the too common story of a girl of weak intellect led astray by some vile thing made in the image of man who ought to have been beside her in the dock and was not. The jury could only find her guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

The judge could only sentence her to death, because he had no option, and when the black cap was placed upon his head the girl gave one heart-rending cry and collapsed on the floor of the dock.

THE words of the judge, that he would do all that he could to see that the recommendation to mercy was acted on immediately, would convey nothing to her at the moment, and to what a hell of torment would she awake when she recovered from her swoon! Not for her the politician's appreciation of the law's grim jest at death.

For her only, at that moment, the twin thoughts of the gallows and of her baby.

And the pity and the shame of it is that so much of the torment is unnecessary, serves no purpose, achieves no end; but who cares? A handful of judges, certainly, because they themselves loathe the tragic farce in which they are compelled to take a part; but how many besides?

Certainly not so many as subscribe for the protection of dogs and the upkeep of dogs' homes, else the farce would have been ended long ago.

IT is to our eternal shame that the farce of the sham death-sentence has continued so long; that we still, to-day, feel more keenly an injury to a dog than the mental torture of a woman.

Why not end the farce? Why not alter the law? Why not trust the judges? Why should they be compelled to assume the black cap when they know that the sentences they pass ought not to be and will not be carried out?

Why not, instead of limiting them to the one sentence, give them power to vary the sentence and to impose a punishment that will fit the crime and which will be carried out? So would one of the most cruel anomalies of English law be ended.

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You feel so fine when you step out of the train and think of a whole fortnight's enjoyment before you.

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The MYSTERY WOMEN of WHITEHALL

By Lieut.-Col. the Hon. CUTHBERT JAMES, C.B.E., M.P.

WHILE the Government is almost daily appealing to employers to find as much work as possible to relieve the present crisis in industry, various Government departments such as the Ministries of Health, Pensions and Public Works are quietly dismissing efficient ex-Service men who have given the best years of their lives to the service of their country and who are now being turned out at the ages of forty and forty-five to find new employment.

The Ministry of Labour has indeed just announced that 300 posts are now vacant, and these will be filled by youths and girls who have been successful in examinations.

Behind this bald statement of fact lies the tragedy of the dismissal in November of last year of 122 ex-Service men from the Ministry's Record Department at Kew, because of an alleged "redundancy" of labour.

Promises unfulfilled

There was no work for old and well-tried employees, but plenty for youngsters who will perform exactly the same duties and have nothing to recommend them beyond the passing of an examination.

The thorny problem of Government employment for ex-Service men has been tackled by a succession of committees which, since 1920, have reported that "every effort will be made to fulfil the nation's debt" to men, most of whom have eight or ten years' actual department experience to their credit and who are in every way efficient.

A report to the Lord Chancellor from the Land Registry Department admits that "we are greatly indebted to ex-Service men for the growing spirit of co-operation and for their numerous helpful suggestions for improvement in the organisation of the department."

Despicable methods

In spite of this the Treasury seems to have entered into a silent conspiracy which deliberately ignores the definite guarantee given in July, 1927, by Lord Cushenden, at that time Mr. Ronald MacNeil, who was acting as Financial Secretary.

That undertaking states unequivocally that "No efficient temporary ex-Service clerk will be discharged in order to make room for successful candidates at examinations." Yet how has that promise been carried into effect?

The fight for justice centres on a residue of 5,000 men who were, admittedly, temporarily employed. Eight thousand of their comrades have been absorbed into permanent staff posts, while a further eight thousand are graded in Class "P," being permanent unestablished clerks who are assured of employment until the retiring age of sixty, but who are not pensionable.

Case after case has occurred in which, by "transference" to "dying" jobs, middle-aged ex-soldiers with large families have been flung out to fend for themselves in an already hopelessly congested labour market. One flagrant instance of this has recently occurred in the Ministry of Pensions, the one department from which I should expect real consideration for the welfare of invalided soldiers!

For nine years thirty-four men were employed in a registry at an average salary of £3 2s. 6d. a week, under two

Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Cuthbert James, C.B.E., M.P.

officers receiving a total annual income of £566. The whole cost of the service was only £125 12s. 8d. per week, nor were any of the clerks pensionable.

Then the "transfer" business commenced. Thirty-eight women were brought to displace their thirty-four male competitors, while the two new officers enjoyed a total salary of £940 per annum.

In spite of all these women having full pensionable rights they work on an average three and a half hours less per week, and it is estimated that the net cost of this small office alone to the country has risen by some £1,250. In the meanwhile the original male staff who worked longer hours at less cost have gone to swell the list of the unemployed.

A national scandal

In almost every department one can see the operation of the same despicable methods which, commencing with a re-shuffling of posts, ends in hard-working clerks of ten years' experience being placed on the Pool of the Joint Substitution Board where, unpaid and usually on the dole, they can at best hope for a meagre eight or ten weeks' casual employment in the year.

* * *

Football! The fairest and most popular competition of all—see "The People" next Sunday.

In one Ministry alone, although 13,900 hours of overtime have been worked in three months, 300 dismissal notices have been served on elderly ex-soldiers.

It was in the Ministry of Health, too, that one hundred men were discharged in June, 1927, although it was admitted that 109 women who had been temporarily engaged in June, 1925, were still being kept in their posts.

Simple remedy

The hardships borne by these men are often pitiable, men of forty-eight and fifty-one with excellent testimonials and large families being turned adrift to face a future of misery and destitution.

The remedy for this scandalous state of affairs is obvious. Justice must be done to the men who sacrificed their all to the country's need, and the plain guarantees given by the Government must be enforced.

It is a fact that certain officials at the Treasury are inclined to panic, for they assert that there will necessarily be a great age-gap between the ex-Service men and the youngsters now being taken on.

"There will be no one fit to take up senior positions of responsibility!" they cry. That is arrant nonsense.

Personally I feel certain that the problem can be solved by very simple and straightforward means.

Many of these 5,000 ex-soldiers realise well enough that they cannot hope to obtain pensionable posts, but they certainly have a very real claim to present employment which will keep them and their families in decency and comfort.

We must insist

Let the Government restrict the number of new entries into the Civil Service while at the same time allotting posts to men who have proved their worth in a decade of hard work. For each new entrant into the Service, three ex-soldiers must be found employment.

If this scheme were put into operation for only three years, the end of that time would see the complete disappearance of the problem.

The examinations could then be opened once more to the usual number of competitors, but in the meanwhile vague promises which are never fulfilled only complicate the situation.

Bureaucratic lethargy must be overcome, and highly placed and equally highly paid officials must quickly realise this fact.

There may yet be a very unpleasant awakening for those who are concerned in this conspiracy of silence, and who refuse to open their eyes to the plain facts of the situation.

Disgraceful GRAVESIDE FRAUD

Death Chamber Tricksters

THERE are some individuals who will exploit anything or anybody for their own personal profit, but for sheer callousness nothing could equal the fraternity of tombstone tricksters who make a point of preying upon the bereaved.

They know that the anguish of others can be made to lend an excellent impetus to business if handled in the right way, and they do not hesitate to play upon the susceptibilities of a prospective victim with all the cunning they can muster.

A typical exponent of this sorry trade is Ernest Charles Cottier, of Holly Grove, Peverell, Plymouth, who has operated for some time as the "Phœnix Marble Works," at Efford.

Most of his business was obtained through the medium of house-to-house calls, and he generally timed his visits to take place a few hours after the death of some dearly beloved member of the family.

Unblushing lies

On one occasion, for instance, he visited upon a distressed mother residing in Tresillian Street, Plymouth, who had just had the misfortune to lose her son.

Glibly expressing his sorrow in her bereavement, he, as an ex-soldier, pleaded for the privilege of executing the work of erecting a monument over the dead boy's grave.

His plea was successful and the bereaved woman gave him £8, part of which was to go towards the freehold of the grave. Cottier smugly assured her that the work would be completed within three months.

As a matter of fact, over a year expired before the stone was erected, and then it had been necessary for the woman to engage a solicitor to exert legal pressure to bring this wily tombstone trickster up to scratch.

In this case Cottier unblushingly declared that he had actually paid for the freehold of the grave, and he even persisted in his lies until he was unmasked by the cemetery authorities.

Many complaints were made about him, and finally, when people who had paid for memorial stones refused to be put off any longer with excuses, he was forced into bankruptcy.

Soulless tricksters

The initial meeting of creditors was a stormy one. Most of those present were women whom he had cruelly misled, and it is not surprising that they displayed considerable indignation.

The observations of one swindled lady were so trenchant, in fact, that the Official Receiver had to intervene to quieten her emotional outburst.

After this a volley of questions was fired at Cottier by various creditors, who finally accused him of having failed to provide headstones for graves or purchase the freehold for which he had received their money.

Hundreds of pounds were involved, and as the assets were negligible, there was nothing for the creditors who had paid for stones.

The above case is by no means an isolated one. Every reputable monumental mason in the country knows full well that many of the

Colonel J. d'Eyces Coke, C.M.G., Chief Constable of West Riding of Yorkshire, where one tombstone tout has been remarkably active

doorsteps of the poor and credulous are haunted by such ghouls, by soulless and relentless tricksters, who find that "easy money" can be obtained in the hour of bereavement.

"Catch them with the tears in their eyes," is a favoured slogan with such pests. "You can sell them anything," they gloat.

Crocodile sympathy

One sculptor of respectable standing has written to us very bitterly from Mansfield Woodhouse.

"Several of my clients," he says, "have told me of canvassers being on the doorstep on the same day as the burial. One person told me of such a canvasser getting into the house and sitting for hours, pestering her in the hour of sorrow."

This, we fear, can be applied only too generally. Only a week or two ago, in a great northern city, a canvasser for tombstones appeared on the doorstep of a humble home *six hours* after the breadwinner of the family had passed away.

He was a bright young man, well-dressed, eloquent, and eager for business—but he cunningly affected an air of sorrow and sympathy.

Although speaking tenderly of the "dear departed," and offering his personal condolences, he was full of arguments that were calculated to convince the heart-broken widow that she would do well to entrust to him the task of erecting a monument to the memory of her deceased husband. And, of course, he wanted a deposit.

The vanishing tout

This unfeeling tout had seen an obituary notice of the poor man's death in the early edition of the local evening newspaper and had hastened to secure an order over the heads of dignified firms which prefer, naturally, to be asked to execute work rather than pester the bereaved in their hour of trouble and stress.

In yet another case, a widow residing in Yorkshire was visited by a tout shortly after the death of her only son. He gave the name of Mr. George Gibson, and tendered many seemingly sincere expressions of sympathy.

After paving the way with suitable speeches, he offered to exert his influence with a firm of monumental masons in order to obtain a special memorial for her boy at a reduced fee. Eloquence won the day, and Mr. Gibson departed the richer by £4, which was supposed to be a deposit.

Not content with this, the tout actually visited the widowed mother on several other occasions, lyingly reported upon the progress being made with her son's memorial stone, and succeeded in inducing her to part with further sums on account.

Before he had finished with this victim he had obtained more than £33. Then this heartless scoundrel suddenly disappeared, and the promised stone has not been furnished to this day!

What could be more despicable? Touring tombstone touts merit nothing but scorn and punishment, yet the lamentable fact remains that they contrive to flourish.

Rope them in!

"Why not die? It's good for business!" may sound a cheerful slogan in the ears of these sordid and sinister sharks, but it stirs up nothing but a feeling of revulsion in the minds of decent people.

We earnestly urge everyone to bear the above facts in mind, for it is only by the public on whom they prey that these sharks can be effectively fought.

All touring touts of this description should be given a wide berth, and, should they persist in pestering you, you will be performing a very great public service by reporting them at the nearest police-station.

We believe that the individuals in question are already known to the police as hardened offenders, and if a few convictions can be obtained it might serve to damp the ardour of other members of this undesirable fraternity.

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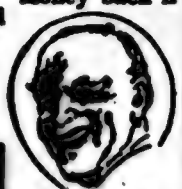

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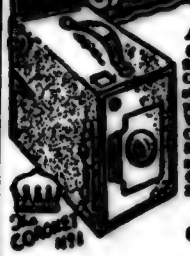

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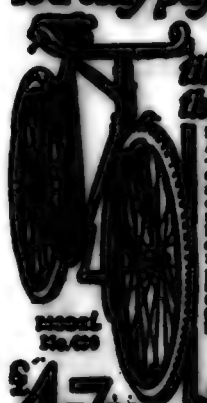

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In Sunshine Ward

The HALLELUJAH MOKE

by PHILIP INMAN

IF I had been in James Bond's position I would have done exactly the same thing, and to hell with the consequences.

What a melancholy little fellow he looked on that day he came to the hospital. "Can I see my wife?" he asked plaintively. "But it isn't visiting day," he was told.

He seemed disappointed, utterly crestfallen. "I won't stay long and disturb her," he persisted. "She had her operation yesterday and I may not be able to come on Friday."

"It's not usual to allow visitors except on specified days," he was reminded, and he was asked if there was any special reason for his request.

He shook his head. "No," he answered, "none that I can talk about." Then he mumbled something about, "I don't want my missus to know nothing about it."

It was later in the day that a police officer called at the hospital. "Have you a patient called Mrs. Bond here?" he enquired. He was told that we had. "It is true then," he commented. "I thought it was." And then he told me the story.

James Bond had been caught in the act of stealing from a baker's van. He pleaded that he was out of work, that his wife was in the hospital, and that his children were hungry.

Nearly a criminal

"I couldn't bear to see them starving," he explained, "and that's why I took it." And I would have done the same thing, and so would every man with any spark of manhood in him.

The magistrate remanded the prisoner, adding, "If his story is true, he deserves more pity than punishment."

At the resumed hearing the magistrate stated that the prisoner's story had been confirmed in every particular, and he announced that as a result of the publicity given to the case, a large number of gifts had been received from the public. He proposed handing the money over to the court missionary to deal with in the best possible way.

He discharged the man under the First Offenders' Act, and he added kindly, "I hope that his future will be happier than his recent experiences have allowed him to be."

Thank God for our London magistrates. They do, I know, temper justice with mercy, and they are always ready to help a lame dog over a stile.

Sentenced to—life

It was a different Mr. Bond who came to see his wife on the next visiting day. Strangely excited, he could scarcely contain himself. "What's come over yer, Jim?" queried the patient. "You ain't like the same man."

Then a suspicion crossed her mind and a shadow flitted over her face. "You ain't bin drinking, have you, Jim, that wouldn't be like you."

"Drinking," he replied seriously. "And where's the money for drink to come from?" Then in a bantering tone he went on, "What did Mr. Asquith say? Well, I says the same thing. You wait and see. I've got a big surprise for you." And though she begged to know its secret, all he would repeat was, "Wait and see."

When he came downstairs he was like a man treading on air. "What yer think?" he said to me. "I'm going to be set up in business. They've got nearly a hundred pounds for me." "Oh," I said, "that's splendid news. What's going to be your line of life?" And he announced proudly, "I'm going to 'awk fruit."

Philip Inman

And in anticipation of his new trade, he called out gleefully, "Cherries, cherries." Then with a knowing wink he added shyly, "But don't let on to the missus, promise now. I've got something up my sleeve for her." And I smilingly gave my word.

Mrs. Bond has had her surprise. When she was discharged from the hospital her husband called for her. But he was not alone. He drove up in a smart little trap—a donkey and cart. "Part of my new stock-in-trade," he announced proudly.

When his wife saw it she asked in wonderment, "Jim, who's it belong to? Where did yer get it?" "It's ours," he said. "Get inside and I'll tell yer about it." And they drove away together.

The Sentence of the Court

The SINGAPORE SINNERS

Millions of Mischief

CASTING an anxious glance toward the public gallery, where a couple of Brass Hats were stationed, W. C. Bridgeman, in compliance with their peremptory signals, dutifully pleaded "Not Guilty" to charges of furious spending and failing to stop when called on by the international police.

"The accused is described as First Lord of the Admiralty," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "but this is little more than a courtesy title, since he is neither a lord by rank nor a master by inclination, but the faithful servant of those brass-hatted sons of the sea who rule the ocean wave from the comfortable security of Whitehall.

"If it is difficult for anyone with a sense of humour to believe that little Mr. Bridgeman is the ruler of the King's Navee, it is scarcely less difficult to realise that he is a member of the Government, for the Admiralty's policy seems to be designed to undo to-morrow whatever the Foreign Office does to-day.

"Thus when the Government was about to sign a solemn pact for the outlawry of war the Admiralty seized the opportunity indignantly to deny that it intends abandoning its grandiose Singapore dock scheme, the naval work alone in connection with which mad enterprise is to cost £9,750,000.

"To sign a document outlawing war and then to proceed to spend millions on accommodation for super-battleships is like signing the pledge and getting drunk to celebrate the event."

• • •

Mr. Strawsplitter said that if the prosecution desired alcoholic metaphors the Admiralty's action might be likened to that of a man who signed the pledge in good faith, but wisely provided himself with a cellar in which to store wine for medicinal use in an emergency.

"A peace pact," continued counsel, "whether signed with a jewelled pen or a quill plucked from a sleeping goose, may encourage us to hope for the best, but it should not prevent us being prepared for the worst. If in the future the air is filled with hurtling shells, instead of pious platitudes floating about like thistledown, abuse of my client will change to praise of his wise forethought."

• • •

"After listening to the case for the defence," said Mr. Justice Bull, "I am more than ever amazed at the varied voices with which the Government expounds its lack of policy. I should hate to assume that the Foreign Office has its tongue in its cheek, but, if not, why should the Admiralty have its hand so deep in the taxpayers' pocket?

"Its ethical aspects apart, the Singapore insanity cannot survive reasoned criticism, for the Washington Agreement is due for renewal in 1931 and everything indicates an international inhibition on super-dreadnoughts costing £7,000,000 apiece.

"Such building as the United States is contemplating is confined to 10,000-ton cruisers. France has abandoned battleship construction and Italy is about to do so.

The Dreadnought, in fact, is as dead as the Zeppelin. So to build an immense dock to accommodate Dreadnoughts is about as sensible as it would be to establish a rank for sedan-chairs in Piccadilly.

"If Mr. Bridgeman would only behave as if he were the man on the bridge he would at once put an end to the Singapore nightmare, thus saving a huge sum and doing incalculable service toward re-creating an atmosphere of international goodwill.

"Failing this, I must order that he be transferred to the China station and docked for repairs to a reputation which has been badly damaged through coming into collision with public opinion."

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2nd July, 1928. *MAXWELL WALKER.*

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1½ glasses English full-cream milk in every ½lb.

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MILK CHOCOLATE

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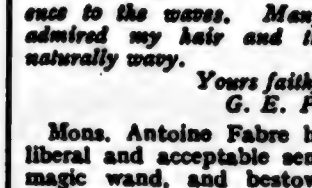
Waves That Stand Months of Sea Air, Rain, and Fog.

Lady who permanently waved her own hair at home without hot irons, messy liquids, or electricity, tells how others may easily do the same at next to no cost. Full particulars and photographs sent to every reader of "John Bull"

FREE.

The following letter is typical of hundreds received by Mons. Fabre, the inventor of this wonderful system. He is now offering to send to every lady—whether her hair be bobbed, shingled or full length—full information regarding his inimitable permanent hair-waving methods, *entirely Free of Charge.*



18, *Haslemere Road, Southsea.*
7th July, 1928.

Dear Sir,

I am enclosing a photograph of myself to let you see how your Permanent Waving Set has waved my hair. I have had the Set nearly two years, and honestly cannot say enough for it. It is really wonderful, for wet weather makes not the slightest difference to the waves. Many people have admired my hair and thought it was naturally wavy.

Yours faithfully,
G. E. PERRY (Miss)

Mons. Antoine Fabre has, in a very liberal and acceptable sense, waved his magic wand, and bestowed upon the feminine world one of the greatest hair-dressing gifts of all time. In his now famous Brochure on Home Hair Waving he most clearly shows how women of every age, of every class—no matter whether their hair be bobbed, shingled or long—can all rejoice in waved hair of abundant beauty, in bewitching undulations.

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"Next to no cost" very aptly describes it, and it does not entail further continual worrying expense which may be ill-afforded. To-day Mons. Antoine Fabre will reveal to you his great hair-dressing secret—*Free of any Charge.* He will send you without any fee and post paid a copy of the Fabre book (accompanied by a series of delightful photographs) which has already been read to wonderful advantage by hundreds of thousands of ladies.

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1. The absolute Permanency of the Waves.
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3. The unexcelled Artistic Effect.

Send, therefore, to-day for your Free Copy, and learn how to acquire a glorious and unexcelled head of waved hair, or call and see for yourself how easy it is.

Write now for Mons. Antoine Fabre's own Free Personal Advice. Please write clearly and say whether Mrs., Miss or title.

MONS. ANTOINE FABRE
(Dept. No. 92),
11, Hills Place, Oxford Circus, London, W.1

Words Winged to Women

A WOMAN who Loves a MURDERER

by MABEL HORNER

A SHUDDER ran through the nation when three young men, Donovan, Weaver, and Taylor, were all sentenced to death for one crime. The Brighton murder was not the most gruesome of the year. It had few sensational features.

What shocked was the fact of three lives being exacted for one, and even the most hardened defender of capital punishment must have experienced something of relief when the reprieve unexpectedly came.

The newspapers have worn the theme of the murder, the trial, the condemnation and the reprieve threadbare. My only reason for reviving it here is the mothers.

There is very little said of mothers at such times, and yet the mothers of all condemned and sentenced men lie heavy on my mind.

They looked nice women, all, when their portraits were given in the papers. I have before me one of Mrs. Taylor, wife of one of the reprieved men, with her baby in her arms. She has in her hand a carnation given her by her husband in what they both thought was their last interview. The mothers too looked nice, respectable women, those mothers, nearly delirious with joy when the good news came.

Pity the mothers

The anguish those women had endured must make the present seem like paradise by comparison, and yet . . and yet, their sons are jailbirds. An old man met his death at the hands of a gang of ruffians, and their sons were implicated.

Even had the old man not died, there would have been the dreadful charge of assault and robbery, and these young men were implicated. They received a fair trial, in which certain facts were not stressed. It was not mentioned until afterwards that "these men are all well-known criminals."

Pity the mothers! But pity must not prevent the most searching enquiry as to how such a terrible state of things comes about.

There are those who blame social conditions for *all* wrong-doing. It is not the fact. Some of the most bitterly oppressed have been veritable saints of God. I have known such.

I have personally fought battles, with employers and others, for men whom I knew to be victims of social injustice, but they were good men for all that. They would have scorned to rob an old man or knock a woman about. They did not associate with others of bad character. They lived self-respecting lives. They were poor and oppressed, but they remained British gentlemen.

Mabel Horner

If riches made men good we should have no criminals among the wealthy. Yet some who have been in jail for serious crime have been men who have handled the most money. They have lived in fine houses, and had servants and motor-cars, and gardens and race-horses at their disposal. We must look deeper than economics for the making of criminals.

A criminal is a character who has developed on wrong lines. He knows only the world of things. He does not know how to relate himself to the world that makes happiness.

Professor E. T. Campagnac, addressing a company of teachers these holidays, put this matter tersely. "You are equipping your pupils," he said, "to live in this world in which we all have our place, and to live also in the invisible eternal world."

What is true for teachers is equally true for mothers. They must teach their children to live in this invisible eternal world. The three sentenced to death at Brighton had never learned to live in it.

Do not misunderstand me. It is not the world above the clouds in airy space that old-time preachers used to paint. It is real and applicable to here and now. It is only invisible because it consists not of what the eye can see, but of what the intelligence and heart can apprehend. But it makes all the difference.

Making citizens

Honour is of this invisible world, and truth and justice and kindness to our neighbours and love of gentle and beautiful things. Those who prize these things love their good character better than wealth. They neither hurt nor destroy. They seek no advantage through another's pain.

For years the church, the police court, the reformatory, the prison have been striving to lift up those who have never learned to relate themselves to this invisible better world.

Taylor, at Brighton, asked the chaplain in his hour of distress—not for sin, drink . . . cards . . . or any of the usual accompaniments of a wild loose life, but for——*flowers*. I wept when I read of it. It seemed to me proof positive that the poor condemned fellow was still linked with the divine.

That divine is in every child that is born however it may become overlaid with misery and guilt. Well may every woman, thinking of the anguish endured by these Brighton mothers, ask as she looks on the face of her own child, "what can we *do* to be saved?"

I answer, it is not enough to feed and clothe and shelter a child. It needs also guidance in every one of its social instincts, to be taught how to relate itself to the invisible but eternal world. It needs, in short to be taught the essence and practice of good citizenship.

A FRIGHTFUL TRAGEDY

Housewife's Daily Danger

PETROL, like fire, makes a good servant but a bad master. Indeed, it has a terrible affinity to fire, leaping into flames at every slightest opportunity.

Yet, in spite of this ever-present danger, petrol has become one of the most necessary adjuncts to modern life. It "makes the wheels go round" in a very literal sense. It has its uses also in the home, having the peculiar quality of being able to remove grease from garments without spoiling delicate fabrics of which they may be made.

Mrs. May Morrison Renshaw, aged 40, of Barnbygate, Newark, was a housewife who valued petrol for this reason. She often used it to wash whole garments, such as coats, that had got grease stained. Usually she did this in the open air, in the shade, which is the only safe place.

A dreadful accident

But one morning she made a terrible mistake. She put the petrol in a bucket and proceeded with her cleansing operations at the scullery sink. A foot or two away was a small enclosed cooking range in which a fire was burning.

Mrs. Renshaw had forgotten one important fact. No matter how carefully petrol is used it gives off a vapour. In a few moments this met the heat from the fire and instantly all was aflame.

A neighbour who heard screams and a roadman named Watson rushed to the rescue. Finding Mrs. Renshaw lying in flames on her back, Mr. Watson actually extinguished the fire with his hands.

After that he threw the blazing bucket out and put out the fire now threatening to burn down the house, while other willing hands procured a car to take the sufferer to hospital.

But in spite of all that skill and care could do, Mrs. Renshaw died that same night. She was too extensively burned.

The coroner, Mr. A. J. Franks, who conducted the enquiry into the circumstances, voiced the common feeling when he gave Mr. Renshaw assurance of his sorrow for calamity that had robbed him of his wife, and his children of a loving and devoted mother.

Indeed he has the sympathy of everybody. Being a registered reader, JOHN BULL is able to add to that sympathy the practical help of a cheque for £250, in accordance with the terms of JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Scheme.

Sticking to promises

The money cannot mitigate his grief, but JOHN BULL does very sincerely hope that it will help to tide him over the most difficult and painful time that has come to his life, difficulties that when death occurs are always added to by expense.

Happily readers' troubles are not all on such a tragic scale as this. JOHN BULL helps just as cheerfully even when they are very small. Sometimes they are so small that neighbours, scoffing, say—"If no good writing to JOHN BULL about that you'll get nothing."

Mr. E. Holdgate, of Morton, Derbyshire, whose kitchen effects were damaged by a sudden summer storm, found the contrary true. "All my friends said I should get nothing, and were very much surprised when they saw the cheque," he states.

JOHN BULL sticks to the promise given to registered readers. Whether the household trouble be great or small JOHN BULL *helps.*

Cash prizes totalling £31,652 have been won by "Bullets" competitors this year. Page 31 shows you how to win 1,000 Guineas this week!

Human Documents

A TERRIBLE GERM FACTORY

Dreadful Dilemma—Faithless Wife—Dodging Duty

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

COULD you advise me of any way in which I could remove from this fever-dump which the local horities describe as a habitation?

"The house is one of a row of four ated in a low-lying district to begin h; but it has sunk two feet below the et level.

"At the back there is a large open yard ed by the occupants of the other ses in the row, and the refuse tip for is a few feet from my backdoor.

"As may well be imagined, when the rs and windows are open for fresh air, effluvium from the yard is terrible, le the refuse from the tip itself is wn into the house.

"Some time ago, the lower rooms were ded to the ceiling with canal water, n dead dogs and cats and rubbish n the canal floated in. When the d subsided the flagstones of the kitchen r sank.

"This trouble was remedied, but no airs were carried out to the front ms, therefore with the advent of vy rains we had perforce to mop the rs.

"N the bedroom there is a large hole in the ceiling, so it is unsafe to retire for night without umbrellas and buckets the likely event of rain. If the boiler light, we are smoked out, and through- the night are almost asphyxiated with stench of sewer-gas.

"Twice have I applied for a Council se within the past thirteen months, without avail.

"My brother-in-law, with a wife and children, is living in apartments, but efforts are as fruitless as my own are obtain a house.

"I have two children attending the l clinic, and have already spent nds in doctors' bills.

"Absurd though it may seem, neverthe- it is a fact that a "Health Week" recently been held in this district, ng folks what to do and what not to n the interests of a healthy race!

"My wife told the Medical Officer of our nt, and he took all particulars, but t is as far as the matter has got, and ar as it will get, I am afraid, unless a acle is performed."

"HUMANIST" says: *Dreadful! Ask your local Member of Parliament ake up the matter, and represent to the Housing Committee the extreme ncy of your need for a Council house. paigns against sickness in the form "Health Weeks" while such conditions exist are ludicrous.*

* * *

A MARRIED man with one child, I find myself faced with a problem which defies solution from my point of view.

ty in nflict

"Nine years ago, upon my return from the army, I lived at home with both my parents, and, although my father did not enjoy best of health, nevertheless, we con- d to live comfortably, as I was for- te in securing a fairly good position. A few months later I married, and, g to the housing shortage, it was ded we should occupy two rooms in parents' home, and from that time rything seemed to go awry.

"My mother, who hitherto was fairly t, suddenly developed rheumatoid arthritis, which rapidly crippled her, and the anxiety and worry of things in general seemed to affect my father, who continued in his employment when he should have undergone hospital treatment.

"Now, this is my difficulty: for practically eight years my poor little wife attended my mother, partially bedridden from the first and latterly totally so.

"Very objectionable were the things she was called upon to perform for the invalid, who was opposed to having a trained person in attendance, but twelve months ago the doctor attending her complained of my mother's obstinate refusal to enter an institution, and told her that my wife would ruin her health altogether unless she discontinued her arduous task of nursing as well as housework.

"Such a warning left me no alternative but to inform my parents that I could no longer countenance the existing state of affairs, and, despite the fact that it broke my heart to sanction my mother's removal to the local hospital, it was either that or the ruin of my wife's health.

"Father died last July, and now my mother is begging to return home, yet, while my wife and I would welcome her, we both realise the effect it would take upon the health of the latter. Mother is happy and comfortable in the hospital, and receives treatment impossible to provide at home."

"HUMANIST" says: *You must not be prevailed upon to sacrifice your wife on the altar of your mother's selfishness. Reason with your mother that her own suffering would be increased tenfold were hospital treatment discontinued.*

* * *

"NINE years ago I married a Jewess, but I was not long in discovering the looseness of my wife's moral character, and it seems my mother-in-law has similar tendencies; in fact, I blame her most profoundly for my wife's faults in that respect.

Faithful Heart

"At first we lived with my wife's parents. For her father I have the utmost respect. He is a splendid fellow; in short, he has been my best pal, and defended me against the onslaughts of the other two.

"Of the three children of the marriage, the first I acknowledge, but my wife's behaviour leaves no doubt in my mind as to the questionable parentage of the other two. She has even admitted as much in letters still in my possession, wherein she begged forgiveness.

"My wages being insufficient for her expensive tastes, she began to grumble, and when matters reached a climax I left her.

"Although my heart is aching for a reconciliation, I felt impelled to adopt this course in the hope that my wife would repent, but the result so far has been that I have succeeded in turning her father against me,

"I am reluctant to divulge my wife's faithlessness, of which he is in ignorance, yet I am wondering whether his perusal of her letters of confession would lead matters to a happy issue."

"HUMANIST" says: *Show the letters to your father-in-law and enlist his aid in effecting a reconciliation with your wife. It is to be hoped she has learned her lesson by this time, otherwise the only alternative is for you to divorce her. I hope this may not prove necessary.*

"I AM an ex-Service man earnestly seeking employment, but it seems the local Guardians entertain considerable doubt on the point.

Guardians of the Poor

"I was granted ten shillings the first week of application, and ordered to Cambridge, where they informed me I should find *plenty of* work.

"Leaving my home very early on Saturday, I reached my destination at 10.45, and immediately set about my quest for work, but failed to obtain anything in Cambridge.

"The following Monday found me renewing my fruitless search, but I secured the signature of the farmers to whom I had applied, not omitting police-stations both going and returning. Whereupon I returned home on foot, seeking employment *en route*, arriving home about midnight the following Thursday.

"The next morning I presented myself before the Guardians, but the Chairman stated he had no time to attend to me, having been there too long that morning already.

"A member of the Committee stated that in giving me 10s. in money instead of a 7s. 6d. food voucher, they had granted me double relief and thereupon turned my application down.

"My railway fare to Cambridge cost me 6s. 8d., and the balance of 3s. 4d. was all I had for food and lodging for nearly a week. I went on a wild-goose chase at their instigation, which cost me some physical torture, as one may well imagine, and my position is the same as before."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your description of the Guardians' attitude suggests heartlessness on their part, and you have my sincere sympathy. Ask your representative on the Board to take up the matter on your behalf. As an ex-Service man you might with advantage also apply to the British Legion.*

Taking Advantage

"In order to provide my mother with necessaries during an illness, I 'borrowed' from my employer, who, in view of my plight, refrained from prosecuting. Now I have the offer of a better job he refuses a reference because he wishes me to stay."

"Humanist" says: *Confide in your prospective employer. Your present employer's desire to retain your services should prove a recommendation. But I hope you repaid the "loan."*

Deceit

"A girl of my acquaintance had an illegitimate child which was adopted. Now she is about to marry, and declines to confess to her fiancé. Should I tell him?"

"Humanist" says: *You shouldn't! Nevertheless, I do not admire your friend's attitude, neither shall I envy her when her fiancé discovers facts for himself.*

Government Dump

"The Local Labour Exchange officials are encouraging my boy of nineteen to go to Canada. This is greatly against my wish, since another son went and has been missing since 1925."

"Humanist" says: *I appreciate your objection. If, however, your boy emigrated under the auspices of the Church Army or the Salvation Army, I think you need have no qualms.*

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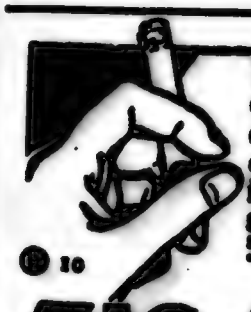

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ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

SHARP'S SUPER KREEM TOFFEE

Our Letter Parliament

The DAIRY *of* DEATH

Stop the Frauds—Railway Muddling—Tragic Apathy

"IF we have an educated public we shall soon have pure milk," says Mr. A. G. Gardiner in JOHN BULL (August 18). One step towards this ideal could be made now. Milk is at present delivered indiscriminately in narrow-necked bottles. These crack easily and cannot be properly sterilised at the dairy. Why not let every customer have his own bottle, for the cleanliness of which he would be responsible? These the milkmen would fill from a large churn, and the bottles would never go to the dairy.—*L. H. A. J., Watford.*

No Grading

There should be no "grading" of milk. Only one standard is wanted—pure and wholesome. How can we make an A1 nation if in its infancy the health of a generation is jeopardised by tainted and germ-laden milk? Every provision embodied in the Milk and Dairies Act for securing a pure milk supply must be strictly enforced.—*C., Warminster.*

That's All!

May I relate an experience I had in a country village not very long ago. To the dairyman who supplied me I complained of the large amount of sediment which appeared at the bottom of a basin after milk had stood in it for a time. "Why, it's nothing, Mum," he said. "Sometimes the man forgets to wipe the cows' udders afore he milks. That's all."—*Hyde Park.*

Motherly Uncle Sam

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's article made me gasp. What is a mother to do when facts such as these are brought to her notice? Far better for our children to get dried milk—at least, it doesn't contain cow-dung. But what a national disgrace the whole thing is. America may not have joined the League of Nations, but she does look after her children's milk supply.—*Officer's Widow, London, N.W.*

Cheap Safeguard

Mr. Gardiner's article on clean milk omits to mention clean receptacles for the milk. Some people bring receptacles filthy outside with dirt and coated inside with old milk. And when you suggest that during the hot weather it is wise to "scald" the milk they ask you how to do it! It would pay the Government to broadcast leaflets containing hints on how to keep milk and the necessity for scalding jugs and basins with boiling water.—*Dairyman, Ilkeston.*

Piggish Cowman

I visited a farmer friend a few days ago and was shocked to observe the methods of milking adopted by his cowman, especially as I have suffered from "checked" tuberculosis for the last seven years. Preliminary washing of udders was totally absent, the milker greased his hands with vaseline, and milk, dung and grease were soon in the pail together. Afterwards, dipping of fingers in the milk to allow freer milking was frequent.—*R. L.*

Roundsmen in Quarantine

The production of clean milk is equally advantageous to the producer as to the consumer. Unfortunately it is wasting time and money doing this if the distributors are not educated in the proper way to handle milk. It should be compulsory for employees to report for examination after illness and they should not be allowed to work until certified free from infection. They need not lose wages because of this.—"*Ravenstone.*"

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published and one guinea for the most original and constructive. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Charity Badges

The public can be safeguarded from false charity collectors by having badges or armlets issued by the police to be worn by such collectors. When collectors called at any police station for badges they would hand over signed forms from their society in exchange for each badge. When returned the society's receipts for the day's collections would accompany the badges for endorsement by the police. Such a system would ensure that public contributions would reach those for whom they are meant.—*N. M., Lavender Hill.*

[The above letter has been awarded the special prize of one guinea.]

Experience

Your article on the dangers of vaccination will be more than interesting to your many readers. I am the father of a baby girl who until being vaccinated was quite a healthy child. The ninth day following vaccination she had a fit. She is now three and a half years of age, and is almost a helpless cripple. I was not opposed to vaccination at that time, but the suffering of my child has altered my opinion.—*C. Install, Acocks Green.*

Marching Backwards

The Ministry of Labour's "Gazette" has stated that the cost of living statistics are designed to measure "the average increase in the cost of maintaining unchanged the pre-war standard of living." Therefore in calculating the index the Ministry takes as its basis urban family budgets collected in 1914. As one-third of the population lived at that time below the poverty-line, it surely is not right that the Ministry of Labour should take that as a criterion of what the standard of life should be to-day.—*Worker, Alexandria.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"OXFORD WESLEYAN METHODIST CIRCUIT MAGAZINE":—"Her bridesmaids wore pretty PINK dresses of DELPHINIUM BLUE."

"BLYTH NEWS, ASHINGTON POST":—"Lost a GOLD FOOTBALLER'S MEDAL on Saturday."

"NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL":—"There were three baptisms and three marriages at —— last month. EACH OF THE SIX PERSONS INTERRED WAS MORE THAN 36 YEARS OF AGE."

"PENGE AND SYDENHAM GAZETTE":—"The party had planned to walk from Shanklin to Ventnor by TRAIN."

"WELWYN GARDEN CITY AND HERTFORDSHIRE PILOT" (advt.):—"Robert C—— The New Firm with New Ideas. ESTABLISHED SINCE 1700."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS":—"He arrived in a large low car and was attired in a grey morning coat, a silk hat AND AN EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE CIGAR."

"IRISH INDEPENDENT" (recipe):—"Pears with Chocolate Sauce. Tinned pears may be used. WHEN THESE HAVE BECOME BADLY DISCOLOURED THEY CAN BE RESTORED BY USING A LITTLE . . . CARPET SOAP ON THEM."

Two Pulpits

Even "Woodbine Willie" would be crucified on the cross of criticism by some churches if he preached from their pulpits what he writes in JOHN BULL (August 18). But every word he says is true. To-day it is also true that thousands of God-fearing colliers in the mining districts cannot go to worship in their own churches because of the lack of clothes, collection money and food.—*J. H., Lancashire.*

Swift Response

Through your notice in your paper some weeks ago, JOHN BULL, some good kind soul has sent me a present of a £50 note. I should like you kindly to acknowledge it in your paper for me, as they have put no name or address for me to do so myself, thanking you once again.

The note runs thus: Cheating a Clown—Mr. Walker, please find enclosed one £50 note.—From a Sympathiser. August 13, 1928.—*Whimsical Walker.*

Cancer Question

The Medical Council is greatly perturbed at the slow rate of progress of cancer investigation, but admit that among primitive peoples cancer is almost unknown. Is it not possible that the advanced nations with their scientific means of intensive cultivation, such as deadly chemicals poured into the soil as fertiliser and poison liquids sprayed on fruit trees to combat the insect pests, are producing foods containing chemicals which are insidiously undermining the human system?—"*Wonder,*" *Glasgow.*

Lurid Literature

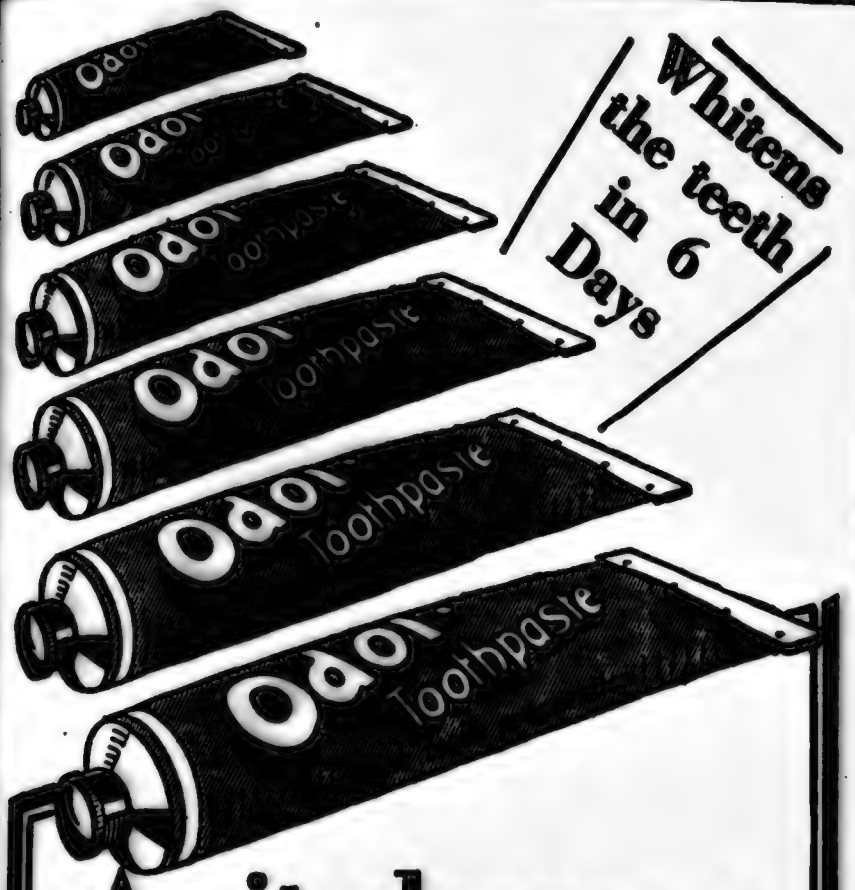
In view of the present agitation against war, it seems remarkable that so little attention is paid to the type of literature placed before our boys. The halfpenny weekly publications seem to specialise in lurid imaginative accounts of future war stories not written to warn and repel, but to provide a thrill and appeal to the readers' sense of adventure. To educate the adult mind against war whilst allowing this thrilling but dangerous literature to poison the child mind is folly.—*Eng., Manchester.*

The Dirt Track

The public should not be too eager to support the railway companies in their coming attack upon road transport. Yesterday my wife, myself and our elder boy paid a half-day's visit to our other little man who is in camp thirty miles from Liverpool Street station. We travelled slowly and in dirt, and the two and a half fares totalled £1. Needless to say, there is no direct road competition. The railways refuse to learn that their greatest asset will be the good will of the public—if they can get it.—*Stanley H., Millington.*

Holiday Betrayal

The article, "The Haunting White Face," by E. Rolfe Thompson (JOHN BULL, August 18), should be thrust before every member of the Government now basking on his holidays. None but a callous and indifferent Government could go away and leave behind the freeze on employment position that exists for want of a solution. Every one of them should go to the industrial areas where unemployment is most rife and see for themselves the utter misery and distress which prevails. It might have the effect of stirring them into some form of activity.—*Disgusted, Warminster.*



As it cleans— it preserves!

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But foremost of these is the fact that—unlike many—*it preserves as it cleans.*

There is no grit in ODOL toothpaste to damage the precious enamel of your teeth, and yet within six days of first using ODOL you will find that your teeth are pearly white.

And remember that every time you use ODOL you are helping yourself to keep fit.

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Aldwych O.T.P.1/28

'Never you mind, Mum!'

"I've seen bigger washes than this, and got through them easy! It makes it easy, Mum, if you have the right things round you. I'll rinse my white things in Reckitt's Blue, and that will keep them white.
And when it comes to the starching I shall have my Robin Starch. It's wonderful what a difference Robin has made, Mum. I often say it's half the battle if you have Robin. You mix it easy. Everything you need is ready in it. And the finish it gives! Well, it really does your heart good. I always say, Robin to make your things glossy, and Reckitt's Blue to keep white things a real white.

ROBIN

Starch

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"—Safe as the Bank"—John Bull 24 March 1928

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"CHALLENGER" CREDIT COUPONS

NOTHING BARRED
NOTHING STARRED

Some Fancies for
YORK'S GOOD PRIZES
The "Ebor" and the "Gimcrack"

AS far as racing is concerned, I think most of us will be pleased to see the end of August. The sport has been very tame recently, but the Ebor, the "Gimcrack," the nursery season, and the fast-approaching St. Leger, will add to the gaiety of nations. I have been told on many occasions that August is the month that the bookmakers pack up our troubles in their fat satchels and flit to the Continent. No doubt it is true.

THE Ebor Handicap has lost some of its glory since being shorn of the prefix "Great," and, added to the fact that nowadays there is no acceptance, the race is as complicated as the worst cross-word puzzle. At the moment of writing only thirteen of the original entry of sixty-two have been withdrawn, and we look like having one of the biggest fields for the race on record.

A FORTNIGHT ago I pointed out the possibilities of the massive three-year-old, Glenhazel, for the Yorkshire prize, and now I consider the gelded son of Dairy Bridge-Corrie Invillie a sound each-way wager. Leach, junior, has given him a special preparation, and recently passed over a race which was literally at his mercy. Two of the six events which Glenhazel won right off the reel, prior to his failure at Ascot, were over the "Ebor" distance, 1 mile 6 furlongs, so there is no question of his failure on the score of stamina.

Lord Dewar, owner of The Black Abbot

WITH regard to the "Gimcrack," second thoughts prompt me to replace Roigrey by The Black Abbot. Before Goodwood I mentioned that the youngster was reputed to be a smasher. He gave the ducal meeting a miss, but showed us at Kempton that Dame Rumour was telling the truth.

FRED DARLING has had a great deal of trouble in training Lord Dewar's two-year-old, and even now the colt needs exceptionally strong handling owing to his headstrong temperament. At Kempton he came through the tapes two or three times and was chiefly responsible for the delayed "off," but he was away like a flash of lightning and made every post a winning post.

THE "Gimcrack" should be a great race between the Cock of the North and the "Crack" of the South, but the spoils should go to Beckhampton. In looking up the records of the race I noted that when originated the conditions contained a stipulation that the owner of the winner was to give three dozen bottles of champagne to the York Gimcrack Club.

GATWICK opens the nursery season with the "Lowfield," a five-furlong event, on September 1. Personally, I think these races are best left alone, but I know they appeal to punters who think they can spot the "rods in pickle" which time and again have been included in the also rans. A tip well worth following, however, is to back a lightweight nursery winner next time out. A penalty of 7 lb. does not stop those at the foot of the handicap. My fancy for the "Lowfield" is Lady Clare filly, and I suggest this youngster be coupled with Zaretta in the County Handicap.

I HAVE already called attention to the great value of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition's* "Soccer" section to readers interested in football competitions, but I should like to draw particular notice to the ingenious tables which embrace the five Leagues—1st, 2nd, 3rd (Northern and Southern) and Scottish.

AT the moment these tables give the complete fixture lists and the results of the opening matches. As the games are played the dates disappear and are replaced by the scores of each team. As a result, you have football form at a glance, which is every bit as valuable to football enthusiasts and competition fans as the form of the horses is to the racing man.

"SILVER RING."

TWO coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

C X B D I H Y K 3 V T U R S
A Q J M Z G E L F P W O N 2

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line, as the case may be. 3KCDZRHU would read FLAMINGO.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, August 29, to Tuesday, September 4.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Blackburn, Everton, Swansea, South Shields, Falkirk, Hearts.
5 HOME.—Everton, Huddersfield, Oldham, Brighton, Hearts.
4 HOME.—Huddersfield, Brighton, Hearts, St. Johnstone.
3 AWAY.—Tottenham, Northampton, Swindon.
3 DRAWS.—Manchester C. v. Manchester U., Clapton O. v. Millwall, Wigan v. Bradford C.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Everton, Bradford, Doncaster, Newcastle, Swindon.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Hearts, Northampton, Leicester v. Leeds.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUE I AND II).—Blackburn, Everton, Huddersfield, Bradford, Oldham.

FORECASTS FOR SEPTEMBER 8.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Bolton, Burnley, Derby, Newcastle, Portsmouth, West Ham.
AWAY WINNERS.—Manchester U., Huddersfield.
DRAWS.—Birmingham v. Everton, Liverpool v. Leicester, Sheffield W. v. Sunderland.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Clapton O., Hull, Notts Forest, Preston, Tottenham, West Bromwich.
AWAY WINNER.—Southampton.
DRAWS.—Bristol v. Swansea, Chelsea v. Middlesbrough, Port Vale v. Millwall.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Bradford C., Chesterfield, Darlington, Hartlepools, Lincoln, New Brighton.
AWAY WINNERS.—South Shields, Doncaster.
DRAWS.—Halifax v. Stockport, Southport v. Nelson.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Bournemouth, Brentford, Charlton, Crystal Palace, Gillingham, Luton, Northampton, Plymouth, Swindon.
AWAY WINNER.—Exeter.
DRAW.—Torquay v. Watford.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Celtic, Partick, Queen's Park.
AWAY WINNERS.—Motherwell, Glasgow Rangers, Clyde, Hearts.
DRAWS.—Airdrie v. Cowdenbeath-Hibernians v. Falkirk.

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RADIUM LEATHER DYE

Hobbling about—every movement painful—for twenty years! Different ointments were tried with no result. Finally, she hears about the special non-smarting Aseptic Ointment—Germolene. It is said to be successful in the most difficult cases. She tries it. And she too is healed—there are no signs of ulcers or any pain at all. It is wonderful. Read her letter below.

Tried all kinds of things

I have suffered for over 20 years with my Leg and tried all kinds of things, but nothing healed it. Then I used five small tins and one large tin of your famous Germolene and now there is no sign of ulcers or pain at all! Mrs. Milner, 2 Jackson Lane, Morley, Leeds.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP

Use it instead of ordinary soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

Germolene is the most effective treatment for—

Eczema
Intolerable rashes, acne and sores. Rely on Germolene to relieve irritation and clear the skin.

Ulcers
Abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolene to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene — hundreds have testified to the success of this treatment.

Bad Leg
Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad leg. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

Rashes
and Insettes — every mother should prove the value of Germolene. It is also most effective in cases of ringworm.

Scalds
Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood poisoning will be prevented.

Cuts
Safety first — apply Germolene. Many lives and cases to record instead of a small cut or scratch.

REGULAR MASSAGE TREATMENT

is taken by those with money and time to spare. Do you know why? Because massage is recognised by leading medical men of all countries as a common-sense, natural remedy for a great many bodily ills. It is now, as never before, within the power of all to get rid of unwanted fat and alleviate rheumatism, gout, neuritis, neuralgia, and kindred ailments by really scientific massage, for with the PUNKT-ROLLER you can procure for yourself in a simple, easy way all the beneficial effects of expensive Hand Massage. The gentle, kneading, persuading action of its rubber suction cups stimulates the circulation to dissolve and carry away fat cells and impurities. This is Nature's own way. Lengthy gymnastic exercises, properly supervised, achieve the same objects, but cannot remove superfluous fat from specific parts of the body.

The PUNKT-ROLLER is a most effective form of massage. The exhilarating effects of five minutes' use leave the circulation sufficiently active to dissolve fat deposits. The invigorating sensation of fitness remains for hours. See for yourself, from day to day, how the use of the PUNKT-ROLLER will slender and shape your hips, thighs and calves.

Buy a Punkt-Roller to-day. But be sure it bears the Trade Mark —"Mark on the Brow." No imitations are as effective.

Popular Model	..	**19/6**
Standard Model	..	**25/-**
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To be obtained from John Barker's (Perfumery Dept.), all branches of Boots (The Chemists), Derry & Toms (Perfumery Dept.), Harrods, Selfridges, Taylors' Drug Stores, and from all first-class chemists and stores.

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JOHN BULL Replies

ARE you in doubt about your Service pension, old-age pension, widow's and orphan's pension, or any similar matter? Then don't hesitate for a moment to send particulars (written in ink), with stamped, addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service. The counsel of skilled experts, who have made the study of the conditions of pensions their particular work, is at your service.

* * * * * *

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

R. T. (Reading).—"What are the real results of prohibition?" Staggering.

B. Y. (Marlow).—"I always keep my word." Can't you get anybody to accept it?

A. C. (Harringay).—"Can you guess my average income?" Shortly after closing time.

F. L. (Harrow).—"What do you think my ten-year-old son is going to be?" Eleven.

Miss F. (Hastings).—"How can I keep my youth?" Don't introduce him to another girl.

G. W. (Glasgow).—"Put not your trust in riches." Many men we know put their riches in trusts.

J. M. (Brecon).—"The doctor saved my life but it cost me over £100." What extravagance.

Mrs. E. (Moulsford).—"She will copy my hats." Is she willing to be as old-fashioned as all that?

N. F. (Lancing).—"I want something funny as a mascot for my car." Don't you drive in it yourself?

SAM (U.S.A.).—"They have caught the cleverest hotel robber in New York." Which hotel did he own?

S. R. (Charlton).—"I believe in taking my time." That is no reason why you should try to take ours.

B. L. N. (Chatham).—"A man should learn his station in life." And make sure that the train stops there.

J. C. (Barnstaple).—"Give me the bread my mother used to make." We guess that it's a bit stale now.

Miss K. (Fulham).—"Can you tell me for whom to vote at the next election?" Yes; the right man.

G. A. (Cardiff).—"I can go comfortably without food for two days in this weather." That's a very empty boast.

Mrs. K. (Westward Ho).—"The age of clever women has begun." But the majority are too clever to look it.

P. A. (Eccles).—"I smoke a terrible lot of cigarettes." We noticed that when we smoked the one you gave us.

M. W. (Cheshunt).—"If you were going to be married this autumn, what day would you choose?" The thirty-first of September.

P. C. L. (Derby).—"I am certain the man who is sent to deliver our coals gets a good helping of them for himself." If he does, he ought to get the sack as well

A. C. (Fulham).—"I managed to wake the audience up with the rousing last words of my speech." As they had evidently been asleep up to that point, it was about time.

A. J. (Morecambe).—"Though I had fallen into the water fully dressed, on recovering after my rescue I was surprised to find my watch going." You were lucky not to find it gone.

H. R. (Malvern).—"Will it be a crime if I catch fish in a private pond?" No, a miracle.

M. C. (Stourbridge).—"When do you think of taking your holidays?" Constantly.

D. P. (Hull).—"Are talkative wives worse than the other kind?" What other kind?

Miss L. (Holborn).—"Why do you always carry your stick?" Because it can't walk!

F. B. (Dalkey).—"My hairs are numbered." Bet you can't supply back numbers.

W. G. (Stockton).—"It takes two to make a bargain." But only one gets the bargain.

D. F. (Fleetwood).—"How can I keep my soft hats from getting out of shape?" Wear caps.

WINNIE (Chepstow).—"How far can you make a pound go?" So far that it never comes back.

A. A. C. (Clapton).—"All my sons are smart at repartee." Then you have your wits about you.

H. C. (Plymouth).—"My wife left me without reason." We wondered what had become of it.

H. N. (Guisborough).—"The restaurant has a concealed orchestra." Do they play so badly as all that?

G. B. C. (Tipperary).—"What should one do when an armed footpad demands money?" Give it up.

H. W. S. (Ongar).—"I took her back to the asylum in my motor." Who brought the car back?

F. O. S. (Newport).—"I am working in the cause of temperance." What are you, the horrible example?

W. K. (Leicester).—"I am thinking of taking a wife." You'll have a big choice among the husbands who want to get rid of theirs.

O. T. (Dulwich).—"A man who is a dreamer can never be of any use in a business." Except, maybe, as a sleeping partner.

R. H. (Redcar).—"I went back and took a last sad farewell of the house in which I had lived for so many years." Moving experience.

LILY F. (Ilea).—"My mother saw him giving me a swimming-lesson, and forbade me to go into the water with him again." That was an unfortunate hold-up for you.

G. R. K. (Smethwick).—"I found she had deceived me, for I discovered that her apparently golden hair was dyed." Still, she was trying to be fair to you, wasn't she?

R. N. (Bedford).—"To my horror, I found that the monumental mason had put the inscription on the wrong tombstone." That was indeed a grave mistake on his part.

SALLY (Hampstead).—"I married for sympathy." You have ours.

BERT (Hitchin).—"I was bitten by an Alsatian." Poor dog!

S. F. O. (Crewe).—"Everything here is drying up." We trust you include yourself.

A. A. (Exmouth).—"I shall back my fancy at 10 to 1." And repent at 5 to 5?

B. W. (Gargrave).—"To prevent my dog barking all night what can I give it?" Away.

C. L. P. (Retford).—"Keeping a car runs you into money." And most likely into other things as well.

S. L. (Southsea).—"Swimming has made me a little stiff." That's better than being a big stiff.

S. H. F. (Kendal).—"Do you ever go for a drive in the park?" No, but we often park in the drive.

L. N. (Guildford).—"How long have you had your maid servant?" Two plates, five saucers and a tea-cup.

T. S. (Blackheath).—"When the firemen arrived the fire had been put out." Were the firemen put out, too?

T. M. (Ilford).—"I asked her for a kiss." That's one of the things that is usually taken for granted.

S. P. T. (Jarrow).—"I always speak sound sense." Anyway, there seems to be plenty of sound about it.

Mrs. G. (Cambridge).—"I hate, detest, abhor modern fashions in women's dress." Much ado about next to nothing.

S. D. Brixton).—"I am going to Scotland for a treat." Mark our word, you'll have to pay for it yourself.

D. H. (Manchester).—"When I heard the enclosed joke, I was assured it was absolutely new." Are you a centenarian?

Mrs. J. (Sutton).—"Whenever I call on you the commissionaire tells me you are not in." Yes; that's his job.

G. K. (Aberdeen).—"What is the difference between an indoor and an outdoor aerial?" 10s. per annum.

C. W. (Southampton).—"My wife is never at a loss for words." Get her to spare a few for *Bullets* this week—some competitor is going to profit by 1,000 Guineas.

L. N. (Bacup).—"Which is the best way to proceed for a personally conducted tour?" Take your wife with you.

Mrs. S. (Milford Haven).—"In domestic differences silence is best." To drive wild the one anxious for a row?

Mrs. F. (Christchurch).—"Modern bathing-dresses are disgusting." And don't you think it disgraceful that babies are born without clothes?

H. T. C. (Hendon).—"I have learnt to believe it is both right and necessary to be selfish." Yet you don't seem a bit reluctant to give yourself away.

T. D. (Oxford Street).—"This year sales of transparent materials have increased by thousands of yards." So we judge from the figures.

B. T. (London, E.C.).—"I long to spend hours of blissful ease beneath the beautiful spreading trees." When you write another letter, stick to prose—it sounds much better.

J. G. (Clapton).—"To-day, Sir, the average citizen has heavier burdens than are realised." Yes—even the Government doesn't recognise that his powers of endurance can be "over-taxed."

M. S. (Darwen).—"Do you ride a horse?" Oh, on and off!

R. T. (East Ham).—"The cylinder was missing." Found it yet?

L. M. (Kennington).—"A Channel swimmer needs grit." And grease.

B. P. (Gloucester).—"I haven't been myself for a long time." Congratulations!

H. N. (York).—"I always try to be my natural self." It seems very hard luck on other people.

L. B. (Margate).—"The people at this private hotel are very dull." So you get bed and bored.

F. L. (Mitcham).—"I should be pleased if you published this letter in full." But nobody else would.

P. B. (London, N.).—"What do you think of my poem?" As little as possible.

A. V. (Chesham).—"How can I kill time?" You can't. Time will eventually kill you.

A. L. (Bow).—"She kept me waiting nearly twenty minutes." Who taught her to be so punctual?

A. P. (Holly).—"He said I had eyes like stars." We suppose you wish you had their salary.

L. P. (Goodacre).—"I suppose I walk more than I think." Quite likely. You don't seem to think much.

FREDDIE (Piccadilly).—"It costs me a cool thousand a year just to live." Don't pay it. It isn't worth it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

To make a successful tea party—

take three or four friends
mix with introductions
add cheery conversation
and, when well blended,
pass around plates
laden with
delicious sandwiches
made of

SAILOR SAVOURIES

POTTED MEATS—FISH PASTES

There are twelve tempting varieties

In three sizes:

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Made in the spotless kitchens of Angus Watson & Co. Ltd. The "Shippam's" People.

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

UPHILL

The Weary Climbers

"DOES the road wind uphill all the way? Yes, to the very end." And for some people the hill is very, very steep.

Here is a poor climber whose path has been precipitous all her life. She is a cripple with only one foot, and is hump-backed.

She has climbed a considerable way, as she is now a widow of fifty-four, and she is weary, for she has to carry her two children with her—a little girl of eleven and a boy of eighteen who is unable to work as he is mentally deficient.

In order to eke out her widow's pension of 15s. per week, she sells odds and ends at an Islington stall, which brings her in an uncertain 5s. a week.

Her home is described as "poverty-stricken."

That she has climbed steadily and bravely is evidenced by her vicar, who pays her the compliment of stating that he has a great respect for her.

Here is another tired climber who, for the time being, has fallen by the way. She has just undergone a serious operation, is unable to walk and will have to keep in bed for months. There are five children needing her help.

Her husband's unemployment pay of 23s. per week—out of which 12s. has to be paid for rent—is their sole means of support.

A third worn-out climber has been grievously ill since she gave birth to a still-born baby.

Her husband, an ex-Service man, who was badly shell-shocked, suffers from neurasthenia, and they and their five young children are under-nourished and under-clothed. Also, they are in fear of losing their home on account of arrears of rent and furniture instalments owing.

How can our readers help these toilers up so steep a hill?

By sending subscriptions to "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund, they can, as it were, provide seats on the hill-side whereon these weary pilgrims may rest for a little space, and, having rested, will be able to resume their journey with cheered and hopeful hearts.

Surely, that is something very well worth doing!

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. *All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* John Bull.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

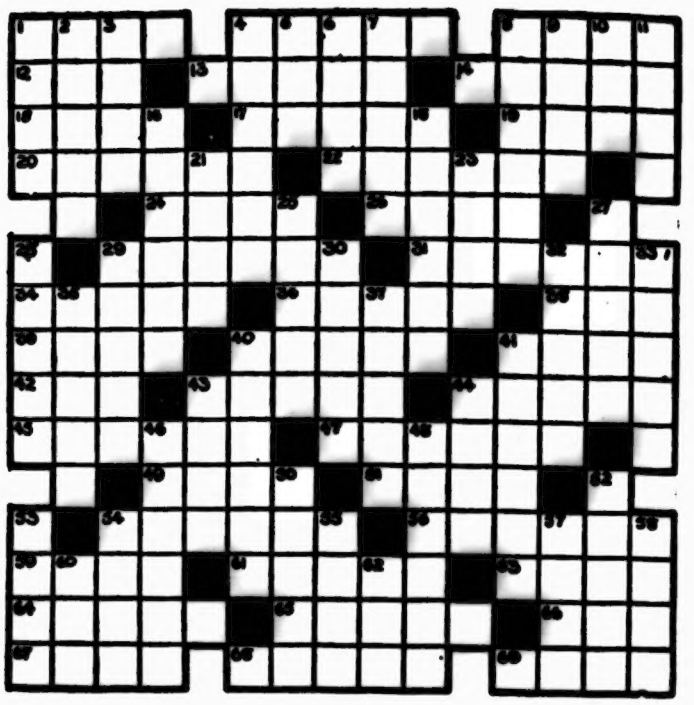
A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Mr. F. H. Winter (Southsea), 2s. 6d.; "Jessie" (Melton Mowbray), 2s. 6d.; "Neptune" (Hitchin), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Broadstairs), 1s.; "Grateful Wife" (N.W.1), 2s. 6d.; "A Manx Kipper" (Douglas, I. of M.), 5s.; Mrs. C. Dew (Holloway, N.), 1s.; Mr. J. Sharp (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 1s. 3d.; "Widow's Mite," £1; Mrs. M. A. Whitfield, 2s.; Mrs. F., 9d.; C. E. F. (St. Helens), 1s. 6d.; L. H. I. (Cardiff), 2s.; "Poor Mary" (Bedford), 1s.; "The Human Motto" (Hornsey), 6d.; E. S. C. (Rangoon), 2s.; "Exonian" (Devon), 1s.; "One Ninth, M. C." (Walton, Liverpool), 1s. 6d.; "Thanks" (Tipton), 1s.; "Inasmuch" (Abercrave), 1s.; "Margaret," 6d.; "Mother of Six," 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. J. Treasure (Harmondsworth), 1s.; "A Labourer," 2s. 6d.; I. M. Johnson (Dollar), 1s.; "Grateful Heart" (Dundee), 2s.; Lillian (Dewsbury), 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; "Squib," 2s.; Miss J. Brown (Castle Hedingham), 1s. 9d.; Rosa M. S. (Taunton), 5s.; Miss K. Ridley (Hull), 1s.; Mrs. L. R. May (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; "One Ninth" (Rochdale), 2s.; Appre., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Emson (Littlestone-on-Sea), 1s. 6d.; Miss M. Trower (Portsmouth), 1s.; "A Small Bullets Winner," 1s. 6d.; "With Love" (Leeds), 1s.; S. A. C., 1s.; "Good Luck" (Evesham), 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Mrs. L. A. Kennett (Bosham), Mrs. M. Wade (Wooler), Mrs. F. M. Pearce (Bewdley), "Mother of Six," "Margaret," Mrs. H. Collins (Thatcham), "For a New Baby," Mrs. Powers (Hornsey Wood-house), Mrs. C. Ledington (Stoke Newington), bassinette.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

TRY *this* TEASER



CLUES ACROSS

1. Infernal machine.
4. New Zealand native.
8. Assist.
12. Beverage.
13. Wait upon.
14. Playlet.
15. Osier.
17. A bailiff.
19. A magistrate.
20. Sarcastic.
22. To present.
24. To search.
26. Vehicle.
29. Dust.
31. Raiment.
34. Talons.
36. Avoid.
38. Went swiftly.
39. Destruction.
40. Concur.
41. Habit.
42. Alehouse.
43. To fold.
44. Famous Italian poet.
45. Sympathy.
47. Mercy.
49. Vigour.
51. Torn.
54. Surgical instrument.
56. To yield.
59. An apartment.
61. To elude.
63. Always.
64. Confess.
65. To shun.
66. Before.
67. A vegetable
68. A mixture.
69. Pre.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on p. 2

CLUES DOWN

1. [illegible]
4. [illegible]
8. [illegible]
11. [illegible]
16. [illegible]
18. [illegible]
21. [illegible]
23. [illegible]
25. [illegible]
27. [illegible]
28. [illegible]
30. [illegible]
32. [illegible]
33. [illegible]
35. [illegible]
37. [illegible]
40. [illegible]
41. [illegible]
43. [illegible]
46. [illegible]
48. [illegible]
50. [illegible]
52. [illegible]
53. [illegible]
54. [illegible]
55. [illegible]
57. [illegible]
58. [illegible]
60. [illegible]
62. [illegible]

FREE BILLIARD TABLES. 32 GIVEN AWAY. WRITE FOR DETAILS.

Showing Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining-table.

RILEY'S "HOME" BILLIARDS means a happy and contented home life.

A first small payment brings the table carriage paid, free of transit risk and on 7 DAYS' TRIAL.

FOR 14/- DOWN you can have your own perfect Billiard Table, a 6-ft. replica of Riley's famous full-size Billiard Tables. This table rests comfortably on an ordinary dining-table, and after play can be stored away until the following evening. The balance of the purchase price is paid whilst you are getting enjoyment from the table.

If the 6 ft. size is not convenient, there is sure to be one amongst the following:—

4 ft. 4 ins. x 2 ft. 4 ins.	£7	0	0	or in 18 monthly payments of 8/6, 11/-, 14/-, 18/-, 26/-.
5 ft. 4 ins. x 2 ft. 10 ins.	£9	0	0	
6 ft. 4 ins. x 3 ft. 4 ins.	£11	15	0	
7 ft. 4 ins. x 3 ft. 10 ins.	£15	0	0	
8 ft. 4 ins. x 4 ft. 4 ins.	£21	0	0	

Send to-day for free art list.

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STERILISES THE HANDKERCHIEF POCKET

AN "extra" service which "Vapex" renders the user is that it kills the germs which lurk and multiply in the dark corners of the handkerchief pocket. The handkerchief is also sterilised and does not cause re-infection every time it is used.

All Chemists, 2/- and 3/-

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V.34

What Made Her Hair Grow?

Read Her Letter for the Answer.

"My hair fell off" writes Mrs. [illegible] "leaving only one patch. I was under hospital [illegible] for months. But [illegible] hair would not grow again.

"Then I used [illegible] —and now I have a fine, thick growth of hair, as you can see by my photograph." It was also who was [illegible] headed for yours [illegible] new hair growth [illegible] using KOTALKO. [illegible] testimonials from men and women.

TEST BOX

If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or you are nearly or quite bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN BART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (93 H.B.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

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100 GUINEAS

£100 | 10 @ £5 | 50 @ £1 | 1000 @ £10

CASH PRIZES AWAITED THIS YEAR £29839

100 @ £10 | 1000 TARGET PRIZES | 10 @ £5 | £50

ITS TIME YOU STARTED WINNING!

HOW TO WIN

HAVE you tried *Bullets* yet? Nothing could be easier than to take one of the forty *Examples* this page and add any TWO, THREE FOUR WORDS with some bearing on it. Three recent big Prize-winners are:—

Example:—WHY RAILWAYS DON'T PAY
Bullet:—"HIGHWAY'S" PREFERRED TO "ROBBERY."

Example:—TOO MANY LANDLORDS
Bullet:—LEAVE "REPAIRS" TO DOCTORS.

Example:—LIFE'S WEATHER
Bullet:—ALL "SUNSHINE" — VERY "DULL."

PLACE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE BACK OF YOUR EASY COUPON USED. SEE RULE 2.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 685.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

R. J. IRVINE, Ballinacree, Portaferry, Co. Armagh.

Example:—I THINK
Bullet:—AND VOTE—AND YET ——
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £75:

W. EDWARDS, 18, Rigards Road, Langton, Stoke-on-Trent.

Example:—THE GOVERNMENT'S HOLIDAY
Bullet:—OPPORTUNITIES ALSO "SLIPPING AWAY."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

A. PRICE JONES, National Provincial Bank, Limited, Rostrevor, N. Wales.

Example:—HOLIDAY RUSH
Bullet:—PUBLIC SEAWARDS—PRICES SEAWARDS.

HOLIDAY PRIZE-WINNERS:

£5 :—A. MACDONALD, 70, Gallis Avenue, Dunfermline.

£5 :—SHORTAGE—OF WORK—ONLY EXPLOITERS.

£5 :—H. STEPHENS, 42, Robert Street, Tipperfield.

£5 :—PLAYERS FOOLISH?—OR IS BALDWIN WISE?

£5 :—R. SMITH, 11, Albert Road, Walthamstow, E.

£5 :—ACHIEVEMENT—HOLDING SHIRT DOWN NOW-ADAYS.

£5 :—J. E. WICKSTEAD, 33, Lingdale Road, Aigburth Park, Liverpool.

£5 :—FAMINE—*Nation Building* "SAND CASTLES."

£5 :—H. E. PITCHER, 47, Milton Road, Southampton.

£5 :—THE TOTE COMES—BOOKIES "RUNNING AWAY" PUNTER.

£5 :—E. PARKIN, 7, Queen Square, Leeds.

£5 :—WARS—IF PEACE HAST SHADOWS.

(Continued on page 2.)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" 687.

OUR LAWS
WINNING HER HEART
ROSY FUTURE
WHY AMERICA'S WEALTHY
PROUD FATHER
A WILD-GOOSE CHASE
INDISPENSABLE
MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE
MAN OF HONOUR
MY FRIENDS
"WHAT IS WAR, MUMMY?"
AN INVALID
FIRST IN THE QUEUE
LAZINESS
AT HEAVEN'S GATES
GREEDY
TALKING PICTURES
DOWN THE DRAIN
STRUGGLING ON
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
COMPLICATES MATTERS
ECHO OF THE PAST
WONDERFUL WOMAN
ORDERS
"HAD A GOOD TIME?"
FLOOD OF ORATORY
SWEETHEART
STEP IN THE DARK
OVERWHELMING
HOUSEHOLD HINT
THE HARDEST
DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT
LOOKING UP
HER LAMB
STILL GOING STRONG
CHIVALRY
IN THE LABORATORY
NOT WORTH WORRYING ABOUT
BIGGER
IS PEACE A CERTAINTY?

Address Coupons:

"Bullets" No. 687, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Exempt).

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(687) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(687) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(687) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(687) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

AND LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S BIG OFFER!

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

FOR the benefit of readers the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure is published.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly send this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary, and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you, entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and post it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And, above all else, it HOLDS ALWAYS.

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Over 253,000 People have accepted this offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment, but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women, and children there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured write to-day.

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Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance, and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women, and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe, or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER.

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction.

If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

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1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon *to-day.*

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Name .....

Address .....

Please write plainly. .....

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